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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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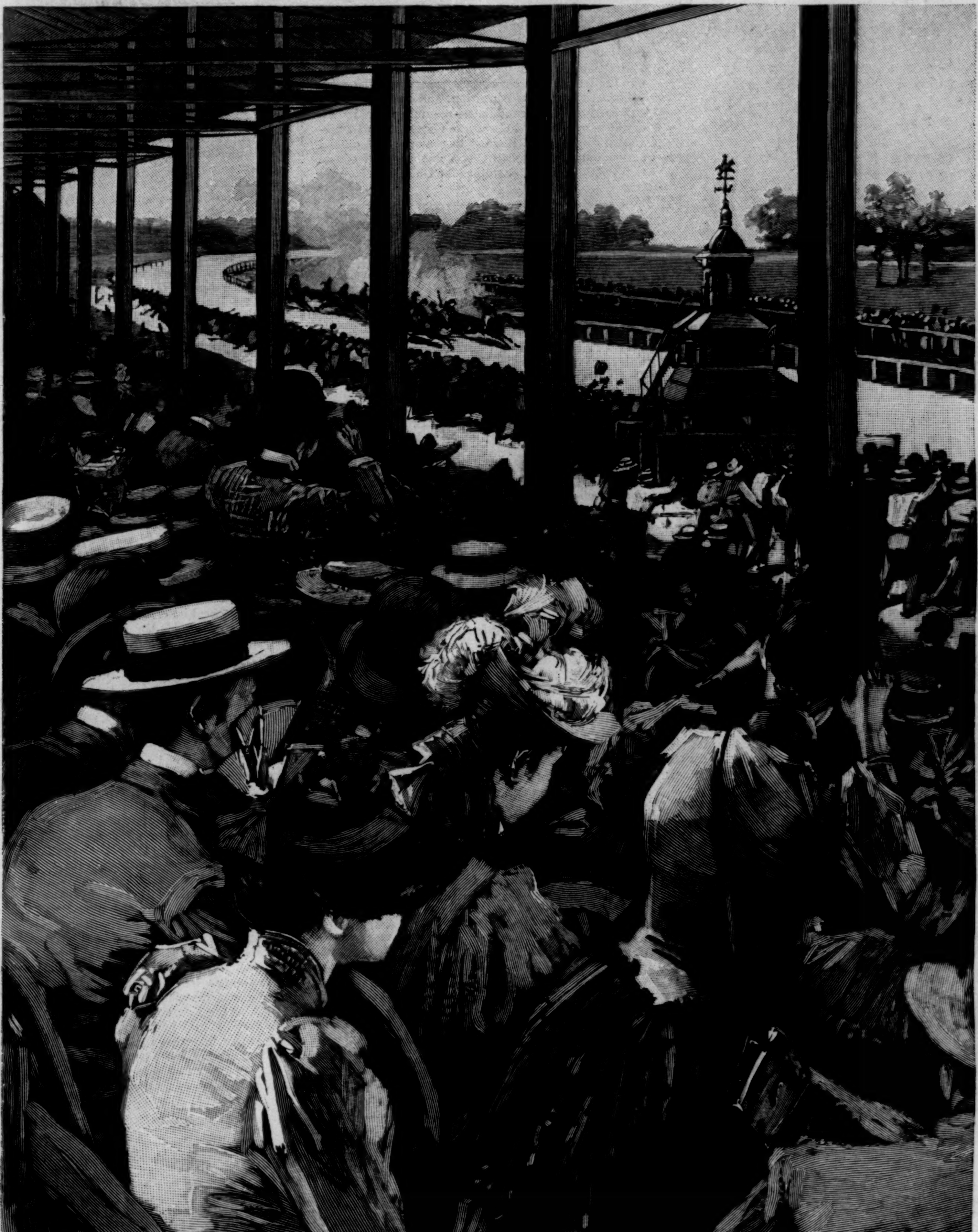

THE SUBURBAN FINISH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 479.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR JULY.

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A Story. By THOMAS A. JANVIER. With 5 illustrations drawn by W. T. SMEDLEY.

"DAD'S GRAVE."
A Sketch. By J. ELWIN SMITH.

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"EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR," "EDITOR'S STUDY," "EDITOR'S DRAWER."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1801.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATION IN TINT, ENTITLED "THE JAPANESE FESTIVAL TO HOKO DASHI," DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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OHIO AND McKINLEY.

THE Republicans of Ohio, with great enthusiasm, and at a Convention unprecedentedly large, have nominated Mr. McKINLEY for the Governorship. Mr. SHERMAN and other noted leaders were present, and the nominating speech was made by Mr. FORAKER. The hold of that gentleman upon his party is difficult to understand; but whatever it be, the circumstances of the occasion showed great party unanimity. There is no doubt, as we said a week or two since, that the Ohio campaign will be watched with great interest, and its result will be indicative of the character of the national contest next year. If Mr. McKINLEY should be elected by a decided majority, the Republicans will force the fighting in '92 upon the issue of '88. Should he be defeated, the Democrats would do the same. But the Republican confidence is shown by the enthusiastic unanimity of the nomination and the jubilant spirit of the Convention. The party leaders are very sure of success, or they would not have challenged a fight not only upon protection, but upon that form of it known as the McKINLEY tariff. They know, of course, that defeat this year in Ohio upon the tariff bill and its author as platform and candidate, following the general result of the autumn elections last year, would be almost a decisive blow to the Republican party, and certainly forecast Republican defeat next year.

On the other hand, the election of Mr. McKINLEY by a large vote would show clearly a reaction from the feeling of last autumn, and a reconsideration of the verdict against the tariff. Congress would meet with the Republicans inspirited, and eager to offer a thoroughly organized opposition to a large but cumbrous majority apprehensive of itself, and it is by no means sure that the session would not end with Democratic prospects clouded by Democratic legislation. It must not be forgotten, on the other hand, that Ohio is generally a Republican State, and that unusual efforts will be made for Republican success for the reasons already mentioned. It is long since a State election has commanded such interest, and should Governor CAMPBELL be renominated by the Democrats, both parties will have a representative whose personality strengthens his party. Governor CAMPBELL has been able to justify the high anticipations which attended his election. As with his fellow-Democrat, Governor PATTISON, of Pennsylvania, his personality and his official conduct have conciliated general regard and respect, and have so been of great service to his party.

In the same way Mr. McKINLEY, by character, ability, and public service, is a candidate whose personality will aid his party. His name is identified with its chief policy and its most important recent public measure. He will advocate it upon the stump with knowledge and skill, and his argument will carry with it a not ineffective appeal to the pride of Republican Ohio. But for him still more than his election as Governor of Ohio is involved in the campaign. Should he be elected, and the tariff consequently become certainly the national issue of next year, he must become necessarily an important figure in the speculations for the Presidential nomination. He would be quite as available as President HARRISON. It cannot be said that his constant public appearance since the result of last year's elections has injured his personal prestige. It has rather increased it, and it has introduced him personally to a larger circle of the country. For all these reasons the course of political events in Ohio will be followed attentively. The Democrats will not evade the issue which the nomination of Mr. McKINLEY presents. The campaign will be one of education, and fortunately the character of both candidates, assuming the Democratic nomination of Governor CAMPBELL, will prevent a diversion of interest to personal and official accusations. It ought to be a campaign of education for the country as well as for Ohio.

SOUTH CAROLINA UNIONISM SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE student of political questions will find the papers in the *Political Science Quarterly* of timely interest. The *Quarterly* has entered upon its sixth volume, and the second number of the volume, which is just issued, contains several notable articles. Indeed all of them are valuable, and the excellent record of political events at the end of every number is very serviceable. The *Quarterly* is edited by the university faculty of political science of Columbia College; and Professor J. W. BURGESS, of that faculty, contributes to the June number a consideration of our international responsibility—a subject to which general attention has been recently called by the correspondence with Italy in regard to the murders by the mob in New Orleans. An interesting paper in the present number, also, is a brief account of the Union party in South Carolina during the nullification epoch of sixty years ago, by GAILLARD HUNT. The facts stated are in detail known to few, and in general only to students of our politics.

When the civil war began there were a few noted South Carolina names conspicuously identified with the cause of the Union. But the State of CALHOUN, with these few exceptions, seemed to be united in defence of his views. Mr. HUNT points out that seventy years ago the State of South Carolina was singularly isolated in feeling from the Union. Not the country at large nor the union of States, but his own State, was the object, carefully cultivated, of the boy's devotion and pride. It was an intensely provincial life which such feeling fostered, and the conditions of slavery imposed upon it made the little community a strict oligarchy. The spirit expressed in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, and in the Hartford Convention of 1814, a latent distrust of union and readiness to secede, was the dominant political feeling of the State. The local agitation began with the remonstrance against the food bill, the protective tariff of nearly seventy years ago. The protest was an expression of the general feeling that the bill was unjust, although not absolutely unconstitutional. In 1825, however, the Legislature denounced it as unconstitutional, but no action was taken. In 1828 "the woollens bill" was passed by Congress, and a violent explosion of hostile feeling followed in South Carolina, which plainly contemplated resistance. This produced a strong declaration of loyalty to the Union, supported by some of the chief leaders of public opinion in the State, and the division of sentiment was very bitter. The Union men were all opposed to a high tariff as unconstitutional, unjust, and oppressive, but they discountenanced all methods of violent redress.

The Union men were distributed evenly throughout the State, but the stronghold was Charleston, and the names of LOWNDES, PRINGLE, GRIMKE, PETTIGRU, and DAYTON showed the social importance of the party. Disunion or nullification became the issue in local politics, and divided society also. The arguments for union were those which subsequently became so familiar to the country, to which WEBSTER gave permanent form in his reply to HAYNE. Nullification was denounced by South-Carolinians in South Carolina as treason and rebellion, and an armed conflict was contemplated as probable. Events, however, followed the usual law in such situations. The extreme view prevailed, and as the nullification sentiment took more threatening form, it captured many of the Union men. But even after the Nullification Convention of 1832 had finished its work, a State Convention of the Union party was held, and RANDELL HUNT introduced the resolutions of which the first declared "that the Union party acknowledges no allegiance to any government except that of the United States." The Nullification Convention, however, was ready for secession if "coercion" should be attempted. The result was really a victory for the Nullification party. If it did not get all it desired, it obtained much more than might have been expected. The Union party was crushed. Some of its members left the State, and henceforward there was little opposition to the dominant party. The article is an interesting study. It thinks that the fallacy of CALHOUN'S theory of the compatibility of the right of secession with union was nowhere more clearly seen or more simply and conclusively exposed than by those who were most devoted and honored South-Carolinians.

MEN, NOT PRINCIPLES.

THE address of the Democratic State Committee of Kentucky to the Democrats of that State shows an apprehension that there may be some diversion upon what it calls a side issue. The real question it alleges to be the reduction of taxes to a legitimate limit. On other questions it holds that a Democrat does not cease to be one because of any view that he may hold, and the address defines Democracy in a phrase which recalls Governor HILL'S remark, "I am a Democrat." "He is a Democrat," says the Kentucky committee, "who votes the Democratic ticket." That is to say, whoever can get a regular party nomination represents the party. If a friend of free silver secures the regular Democratic nomination in a district, that fact determines that he is a Democrat, and good Democrats may vote for him. If an anti-free-silver man should secure the same prize in the next district, he is a good Democrat, and the faithful may support him. But if a protectionist, like the late Mr. RANDALL, procures the regular nomination in still another district, he is not a good Democrat, because the tariff is not a side issue. But no provision is made for this situation. The address says only that he is a Democrat who votes the Democratic ticket, and certainly in Mr. RANDALL'S case the ticket was always Democratic.

The only significance of such a party deliverance in regard to the political situation is that the night is very dark. It is certainly an amusing sliding-scale of party principles that whatever view in a convention succeeds in nominating a ticket is the principle of the party. There are doubtless questions upon which there will be differences within a party. But the idea of party does not allow difference upon questions so important as to be subjects of platform declaration. If a good party man may differ from the platform at all, he may certainly choose his points of difference. If the platform declares for civil service reform, for instance, and an opponent of reform is regularly nominated as a candidate, a vote for him cannot make a good party man of the voter who holds the principle as declared by the platform. Or is it the man and not the measure, the candidate and not the principle, which is to be considered? Mr. BUCHANAN, who is good Democratic authority, said in 1856 that his individuality was merged in the platform. He held that it was the party principle and policy, not the candidate, who merely symbolized them, that the voter must consider.

It is, of course, good mugwump doctrine that a man of personal unworthiness is not to be voted for merely because he has secured a nomination. Mugwumps hold that voting for a man who buys a nomination, for instance, cannot become proof of party orthodoxy without causing great mischief in the party. RODRIGO BORGIA, Pope ALEXANDER Sixth, used to say that Papa ALEXANDER must not be held responsible for the conduct of Ser RODRIGO. But when some inquisitive fellow asked what will become of Pope ALEXANDER when RODRIGO BORGIA goes to hell, his Holiness had no convenient reply. There are great risks in voting for a friend of free rum because he is nominated by a party of low taxes, while there would be no risk in voting for a friend of low taxes although he also favored a railway to the moon, because that is not a present question. The situation, as the Kentucky address plainly shows, requires very delicate handling. But one of its difficulties is that in trying to say nothing there is great danger of saying too much. It is a situation in which all parties that propose to steal fish must be sure of the length of their coats.

FLUCTUATIONS OF PARTY FAVOR.

THE fluctuation of political favor was shown in the accounts of the preliminary proceedings of the late Ohio Republican Convention. Senator SHERMAN is a leader of whom the Ohio Republicans may be justly proud. Ex-Governor FORAKER, to the country at large, is a very different figure. But the great enthusiasm of the hour was for Mr. FORAKER. It was not surpassed by that for Mr. McKINLEY, while the reception of Mr. SHERMAN'S name was respectful, indeed, but no more.

Yet among Republican statesmen now living, none certainly takes precedence of Mr. SHERMAN. He and Senator EDMUNDS and Senator HOAR maintain in character and ability and public service the Republican tradition, and no intelligent Republican in Ohio but must feel the significance of the preference of the enthusiasm of the party for Mr. Foraker rather than for Mr. Sherman. In his speech at Capitol Square in Columbus, Mr. McKinley said that the party could look back without shame. But is not the backward glance inspiring because it reveals leaders like Sherman, Edmunds, Chase, Seward, Sumner, Lincoln? Would it be inspiring if it were a vista of Quay, Dudley, Platt, Foraker, and other conspicuous chiefs of the present time?

Mr. Foraker is understood to aim at Mr. Sherman's seat in the Senate, or at a nomination for the Vice-Presidency with Mr. Blaine. As a successor to Mr. Sherman, Mr. Foraker, either as Senator or President of the Senate, would be an exceedingly suggestive figure. It was a fair hit at the Democrats, during the Convention, that a Senator should not owe his seat to money, and should be a resident of the State, because it is understood that money played a large part in the election of Senator Payne, while Senator Brice lives largely out of the State. But it is no less true that a party should select its ablest and most distinguished and experienced statesman for the Senate, and its prestige suffers by rejecting such a man quite as much as by selecting an absentee.

ANOTHER GREAT COLLEGE GIFT.

Among the pleasant announcements of the Commencement season is that of the gift of a million dollars to Colgate University in New York, formerly Madison University, from James B. Colgate. The same institution also receives one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the same munificent benefactor, and its theological seminary the sum of eighty thousand dollars from the estate of Eli Perry, of Albany. Mr. Colgate calls his gift the Dodge Memorial Fund, in commemoration of his friend the late President of the University, Eben Dodge, and he contemplates the expenditure of the income for the development of the institution in accordance with the views of Dr. Dodge.

This gift is of a kind which is distinctively American, and Mr. Colgate wisely makes it while he is still living and can watch the results. The gifts for educational purposes in this country within the last few years are very great, and one of the best signs of the times is the fact that the higher institutions of learning do not decline, but, on the contrary, offer enlarged facilities in every department of study, and pass under the control of men who are not only qualified as scholars, but as men of affairs and administrative ability. The number of young men of the best modern spirit who are now at the head of such institutions is very great.

While the range of the college scheme of study is enlarged, there is no reason to believe that its standard is declining, and while applied science now holds a place in importance formerly unknown, the fact does not necessarily imply neglect of philosophical, or what is known as classical study. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the value of "higher education," not only for the learned professions, but for itself, was ever more generally acknowledged.

TORRID COMMENCEMENT WEATHER.

During the Commencement exercises on a torrid day, a clergyman, melting in his black broadcloth, turned to a melting brother, listening with him to the wisdom of the graduating Seniors, and murmured, "Brother Jones, the heart, mistrusting, asks if this be joy." It is a question which has been asked with profound feeling during the recent Commencement celebrations in the perfervid days, and it is a hard fate for the young orator, who has been anticipating for long months the culminating moment of his college course, to find the charms of his eloquence competing with the mercury at a hundred in the shade, or with a tremendous thunderstorm.

The tradition of June Commencements seems to be so firmly established that it cannot now be disturbed, and whether the heart mistrusts the joy or not, the exercises must proceed. But we are cajoled by the word with which we are taught to describe our zone. Nothing could be more intemperate than the recent weather, or the weather which June generally brings. In southern Europe or the tropics no more trying heats are experienced, and even in India it is not the degree of heat, but its persistence, which is exhausting.

It is, happily, the want of that persistence which is the consolation of our hot weather. We know that our "heated terms" will not last long, and that three or four hot days will end in a storm and relief. In the mean time, the press, that universal friend and counsellor, as usual, wisely fulfils its office by advising us all to keep cool. It is a counsel like that of Dickens's street crowd, which advised the smaller boy in the fight to go in and win. In these bouts of hot weather, however, it is the other side that wins, and the press can only confirm the promptings of the good sense of every reader in urging moderation, and the advice of the philosopher to "seek the shade, and find wisdom in the neglect" of all unnecessary effort.

BACCARAT AND POLITICS.

The excitement produced in England by the baccarat scandal has not declined as we write, and is very suggestive. Dr. Parker's remark in his pulpit in London expresses the universal conviction: "Not a man or woman connected with the baccarat case comes out of it with the slightest honor." All the collateral revelations enhance the unpleasant facts. Everybody feels, and justly, that it is a kind of national disgrace, and no Englishman but has an uncomfortable conviction that other countries are smiling at England.

The Prince of Wales is the scapegoat, and bears the maledictions. But with a tact which, if not his own, he had the good sense to approve, he has put forward Mr. Edward Stanhope, Secretary at War, to say in Parliament that the Prince now sees the error of judgment which he committed in not requiring Sir William Gordon-Cumming immediately to report the matter to his commanding officer. The same tact, from whatever source supplied, induced Mr. Stanhope to add an expression of his private opinion that it was certainly a natural hesitancy which paused in taking a course which must have blighted an old friend's career irretrievably.

Of course an expression of regret by a Field-Marshal in the British army that he had condoned cheating at cards by a brother officer would not be accepted if the Field-Marshal were not the "King that shall be." The truth is that English society has been brought face to face with what the French call an impossible situation. The quality of the man who is to be King has been conspicuously demonstrated. Nobody is deceived, or pretends to be. It is not a folly of youth which is to be forgiven; it is the revelation of the habits and character of a man which are to be endured, and the revelation is not whispered or hinted. It is a matter of evidence in court, of a jury verdict, of acknowledgment in Parliament. The political results of that famous game of baccarat will be important.

DESIRABLE IMMIGRATION.

The Omaha *Bee* says that "the country cannot now afford to exclude worthy foreigners who come here to make homes, to assimilate with our people, to give their industry to the material development of the country, and to become consumers of the products of our farms and factories." It is certainly undeniable that there can be no objection to desirable immigrants. That is true now, as it has been true always. But that is not the question of immigration. It is the undesirable immigrants, in the first place, and then the system which stimulates abnormal immigration.

During the last decade more than five millions of foreigners came to this country. In Hungary, Poland, and Russia agents are busily engaged, not in the interest of American industry, politics, and prosperity, but solely for the profit of steamship and emigrant companies, to attract and despatch immigrants to our shores. American laws are passed to reduce the chances of employment of workmen in Europe, and so to invite them to America. This is not a system of natural immigration. It is the abnormal stimulus of an abnormal immigration. This is the question, and not whether intelligent, thrifty, skilful, and worthy people will be welcome.

The present system tends to bring to this country the most worthless people, who have no capacity to become useful and desirable citizens, and whose coming is a just reason for public anxiety. Even should they go at once to some part of the country where they might find employment, they would not be necessarily a gain, unless the mere increase of numbers, wholly irrespective of character or capacity, is a gain. A republican government cannot be wisely controlled by a miscellaneous and heterogeneous multitude of people who have no common language, faith, traditions, customs, or intelligence, merely because they have been dumped upon the American continent. Constitutional liberty is to be maintained only upon certain conditions. Republican government was possible in this country a hundred years ago, when it was organized here. But it would not have been possible in central Asia. The question of the regulation of immigration is a question to be determined by facts and reflection, not by saying that desirable immigrants are to be desired.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

The Legislature of New York, at its late session, appropriated $10,000 to be expended by the Regents of the University in extending to such communities of the State as may be desirous of co-operating with them opportunities and facilities for higher education. In order more fully to inform the public mind and to invite practical suggestions, one of the Regents of the University offers a prize of $100 for the best brief article for newspaper or magazine upon the advantages and best methods of university extension.

> "Three copies of the paper or magazine containing the competing articles should be filed with the secretary of the university by July 1st if practicable, and the prize will be awarded at the annual university convocation in the Senate-Chamber at Albany, July 8 to 10, 1891. There are no limitations as to treatment or length, and in awarding the prize the force of the paper will be considered rather than the literary form. Those who intend to compete should apply for documents, which will be sent free by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, 1602 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; by the University and School Extension, Post-office Box 192, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and by the Regents' Office, University of the State of New York, Albany."

A University Extension Council will be appointed from candidates selected by the colleges and universities of the State, and the general interest in the subject on the part of the colleges and teachers will secure for the new system a fair and intelligent trial.

RECOGNITION OF THE CHILIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

The insurgents in Chili have asked the European governments for a recognition of belligerency; that is to say, that they shall be treated as making legitimate war. It is a request that they shall be acknowledged as a power on the same footing with the government of Balmaceda, and equally entitled to the same treatment which he receives. This is a request of the highest importance. Its concession would be a moral victory for the insurgents, and the first step toward their independence and the overthrow of the government of Chili with which at present other governments hold diplomatic relations.

Hasty recognition of belligerency is always mischievous, because it may serve merely to prolong a contest which is really hopeless, and so to increase bloodshed, suffering, and loss. When the present United States were British colonies striving for their independence, it was very long before they received such recognition. When they were a great power menaced by the armed secession of a Confederation of States, they regarded the hasty recognition of the Confederacy of States, in Sumner's phrase, though plausible in form, as none the less injurious or unjustifiable.

Our sympathies are naturally with a revolution which is apparently maintained by a people against an army commanded by a chief who has unquestionably acted illegally in important matters, and who has dispersed a Congress by which he was deposed. The American instinct is well expressed by a remark which was made at the time of the trouble between Andrew Johnson and Congress: "I don't know the precise merits of the quarrel, but in a fight I am for Congress as against the Executive." So far as there is any popular feeling in this country upon the Chilian revolution, it is not for Balmaceda. The question, however, is not to be decided by general sympathy, but by the actual situation. Balmaceda is supported by the army, and therefore holds the larger part of the country, and a Congress elected under military auspices sustains him. The insurgents hold four of the eighteen provinces and the navy, and are upheld by the Congress of 1888, which is the last Congress elected without military supervision. This Congress is the only present accessible representative of the popular will, and it may be considered a fair question whether Balmaceda does not hold his position wholly illegally and by force. Meanwhile it may be assumed that the administration will consider the question in a wise and truly American spirit.

PERSONAL.

A theatrical performance was given at Balmoral Castle recently, in which the parts were taken by members of Queen Victoria's household.

—Professor Israel C. Russell, of the United States Geological Survey, who spent much time last year in exploring the Mount St. Elias region in Alaska, has gone back to continue his work this summer. If possible, he and his associates will scale the mountain's snowy summit, a feat which they could not accomplish last season, although they were above the snow-line for thirty-five consecutive days. Professor Russell is a specialist in the study of glaciers, and says that those of Mount St. Elias are many times larger than any in Europe.

—Heinrich Schmilinski, a Hamburg millionaire, has decided to leave his great fortune to charitable institutions in his native city. He proposes to have the most of it used in building and supporting an asylum for unmarried women.

—General Armstrong, founder of the Hampton School for Indians and negroes, is the son of a missionary, and was born in the Sandwich Islands, where his father was stationed. He is to visit his birthplace this summer. When he began his work among the negroes in the South, both himself and his wife were absolutely ostracised by the whites.

—Secretary of the Treasury Foster is a famous whist-player, and finds pleasant recreation in "taking tricks" when his attention is not confined too closely to unravelling the problems of national finance.

—Captain William A. Andrews, who has just started from the Massachusetts coast in a boat fifteen feet long to race with Captain Josiah Warren Lawlor across the Atlantic to Land's End, England, for a silver cup and $5000, is well known as the skipper of the *Nautilus*, a boat nineteen feet long, in which Andrews and his brother crossed to England in 1878. The voyage was made safely in forty-five days; but when, in 1888, Captain Andrews attempted a similar trip alone in the *Dark Secret*, which was fifteen feet long, he was forced to give up after battling with the waves in rough weather sixty-one days, and sailing only fifteen hundred miles; he was taken on board a Norwegian bark and brought to New York. His rival, Captain Lawlor, although a younger man, is an experienced sailor, and navigated the yacht *Neversink*, thirty feet long, when she crossed from New York to the Paris Exhibition in 1889. Captain Lawlor is a son of the veteran naval architect D. J. Lawlor, and his boat is a little less than fifteen feet long. The rival craft are named the *Mermaid* and the *Sea-Serpent*, and were built for the race.

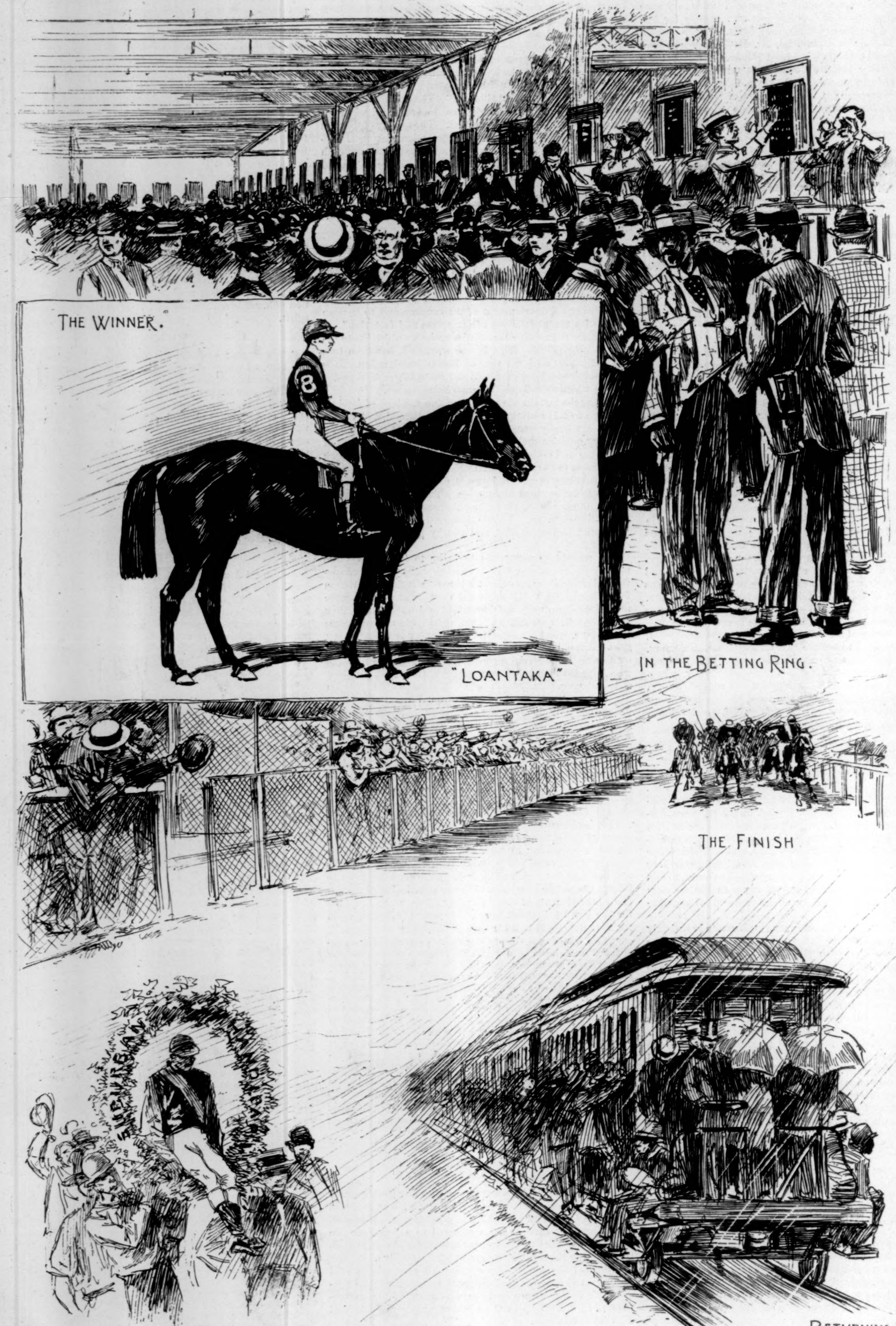
—M. Eiffel, who built the lofty tower at Paris, and is said to have projected still more daring plans for mid-air structures, comes naturally by his soaring ambitions. He lives high up on the Jungfrau, in the Swiss Alps, and has just obtained leave of the government to have a railroad built up the mountain to his eyry.

—The sales of Victor Hugo's works still continue to be very large, the proceeds from them amounting to over 1,483,373 francs during the past five years.

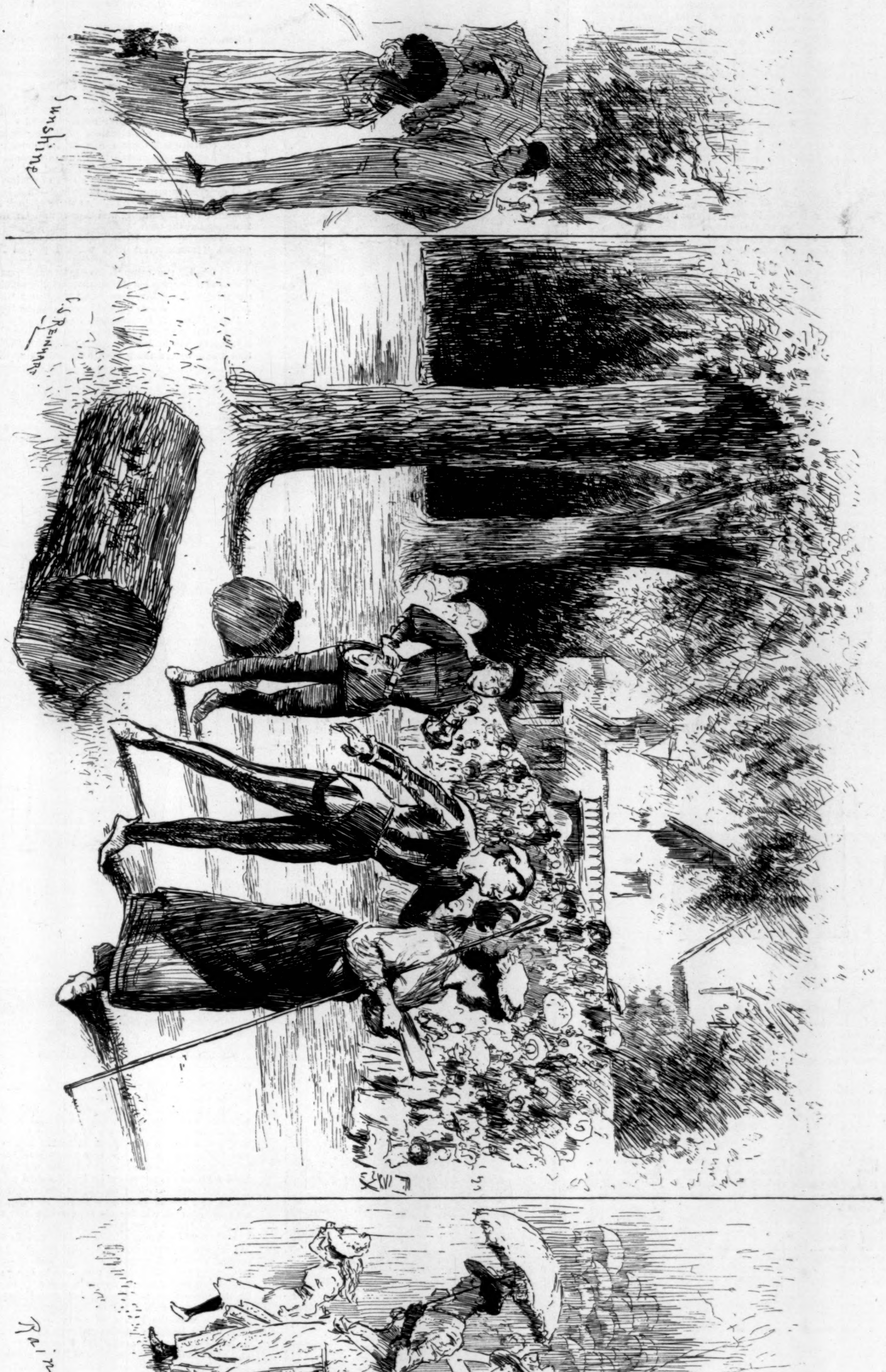
—Bishop Doane, of Albany, who has been travelling in England, has been given the degrees of LL.D. and D.D. by the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

—M. Sarcey, the French dramatic critic, has grown so fat that he has given up dining, in the hope of reducing his flesh.

—Rev. Samuel June Barrows, D.D., of Boston, editor of the *Christian Register*, has a record for all-around accomplishment which few men can equal. When but eight years old he went to work in the counting-room of Colonel Hoe, of printing-press fame, his mother, a widow with six children, helping to eke out the family finances by making a shoe-blacking, for which she had an old receipt. While working in Colonel Hoe's office young Barrows attended night schools, picked up a knowledge of telegraphy, and learned stenography. Later he was a reporter on a New York daily newspaper, and then was appointed William H. Seward's private secretary at Washington. When Hamilton Fish became Secretary of State, he retained Mr. Barrows. During the latter's stay in Washington he studied at Columbian University, and when he left there he took the divinity course at Harvard. His summer vacations he spent in railroad-surveying and as a newspaper correspondent on the Western plains, where he met and travelled with Custer in the General's last campaign. In 1875 he became pastor of the Meeting-house Hill Church in Dorchester, and five years later he was called to the editorship of the *Christian Register*. Once a strict Baptist, he is now an authority on Unitarianism, and its stanch supporter. He has written several books, and has a reputation as a Greek and Sanscrit scholar.


THE WINNER.
"LOANTAKA"
8
IN THE BETTING RING.
THE FINISH
SUBURBAN
THE VICTORIOUS JOCKEY.
RETURNING HOME

THE SUBURBAN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 479.]


Sunshine
C.S. Reinhart
Rain

"AS YOU LIKE IT."—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 478.]

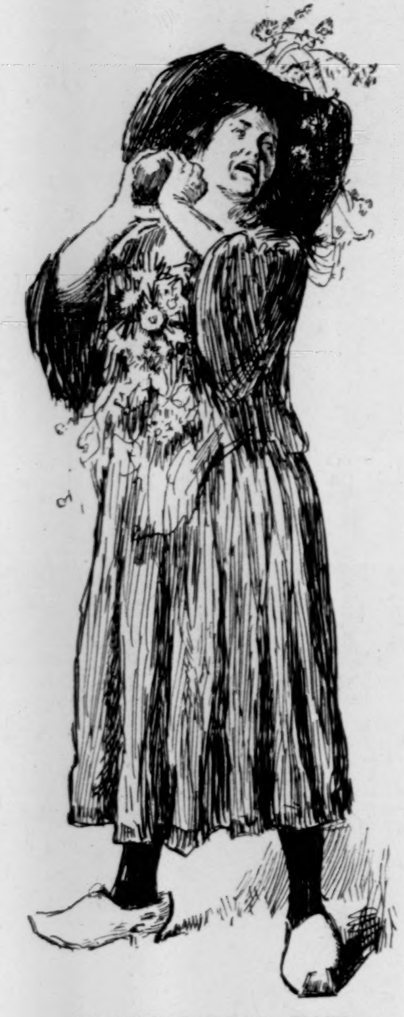
"AS YOU LIKE IT," WITH APOLOGIES.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE sunbeams that sifted through the leaves, the shadows that the shivering maples cast, did not disclose all the forms that wandered through the grove at Castle Point. Two spirits fainter than the shadows moved beneath the trees, to whom the very branches bowed in homage, and whose gentle tread bent not the daisies that they stepped upon.

"Stand by this tree, Dick," spoke a merry voice; but all who heard it counted it as but the murmur of the breeze. 'Thou carest not for the modern maid and man, so turn thy back upon them. Arden is before thee, and thou, of all, didst love the greenwood well."

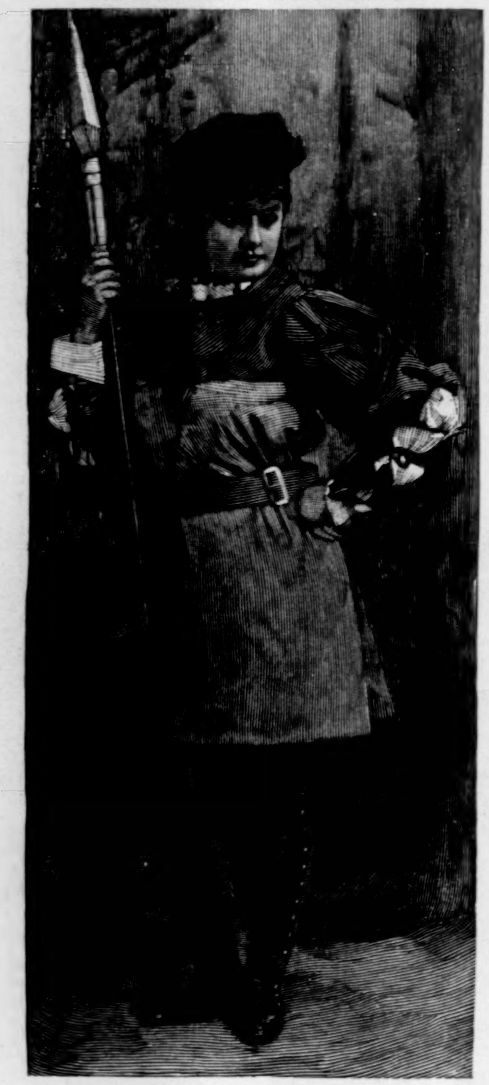
It was the height of realism—the realism of the poet. It was not conventional, it was far removed from commonplace, but there was a reality in the trees, the grass, the skies above, and the woodland depths beyond. There was a little too much reality as far as the heat went, and the occasional whistle of a locomotive settled all doubts as to time. But it afforded new sensations, and one might forget the audience if he had a front seat and looked across the rustic stage, where the summer flowers blossomed and the sunmotes danced. And losing thus all thought of modern folk, deaf to the locomotive whistle, regardless of the great city just across the water, one might dream of long ago, and conjure up the people of the age of romance. This is the age of realism, of matter-of-fact mundane realities, in which the tank of real water plays a prominent part, and genuine buzz-saws induce hysterics among the feminine portion of the audience; but beneath the quivering leaves, the air redolent with new-mown hay, the pastoral play seemed a bit of real life, and the modern world but a dream. It was at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the 16th of June—the most remarkable 16th of June as far as heat went that the local Signal Service has chronicled. Mrs. Stevens lent her grounds for the occasion, the actors volunteered their services, and the Rev. Dr. Houghton and several other clergymen cast their influence in favor of it. The performance was for the benefit of St. Michael's Home and St Catharine's Home, and the promoters of the charity were ably seconded in their endeavors. Tickets were in demand—they were at a premium, in fact—but the seats were limited. Nearly a thousand people could be accommodated, and the managers would dispose of no more tickets than there were seats. Requests came from distant cities, and high prices were offered for the privilege of standing. And truly it was a privilege to see the following cast in the most dainty comedy of *As You Like It*, even if you did have to stand. The persons represented, as the old books have it, were:



MRS. AGNES BOOTH AS AUDREY.

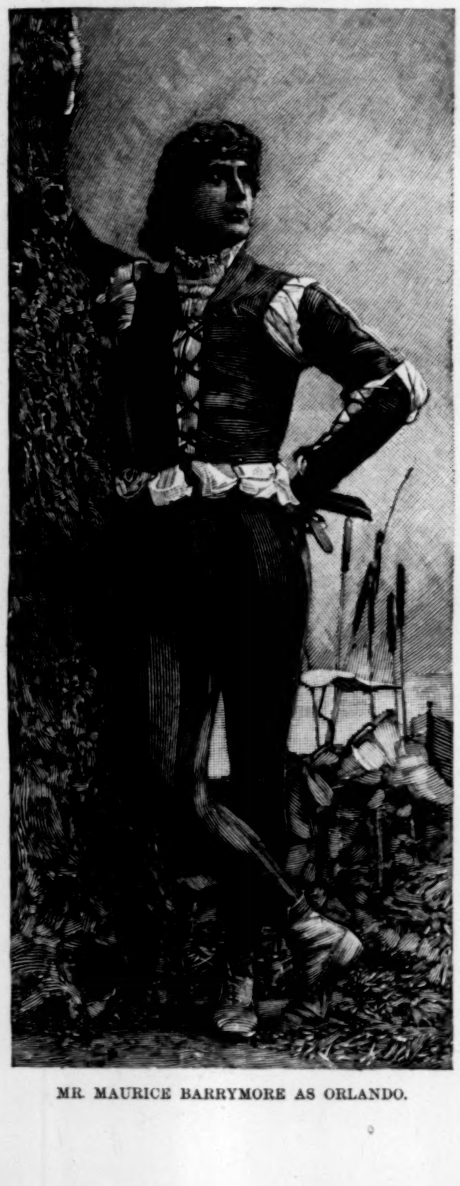
Orlando	Mr. Maurice Barrymore
Jaques	Mr. Frank Mayo
Banished Duke	Mr. D. H. Harkins
Duke Frederick	Mr. Frazer Coulter
Touchstone	Mr. Frederick Bond
Oliver	Mr. John T. Sullivan
Adam	Mr. C. W. Couldock
Corin	Mr. Frank Drew
William	Mr. Charles L. Harris
Le Beau	Mr. Sidney Drew
Sylvius	Mr. Charles Dickson
Amiens	Mr. Mervyn Dallas
Charles the Wrestler	Mr. William Muldoon
Jacque de Bois	Mr. Sidney Booth
First Lord	Mr. J. P. Clark
Rosalind	Miss Rose Coghlan
Audrey	Mrs. Agnes Booth
Celia	Miss Viola Allen
Phœbe	Miss Maida Craigen
Pages	Bijou Fernandez Nellie Lingard

The residence of Mrs. Stevens was converted into one large greenroom, and each player had a room to himself. Mr. J. T. Sullivan is quoted as having remarked that he had "dressed in Squeedunk, Kalamazoo, and Oshkosh, and never even hoped to strike anything on earth as good as this," which leads one to suppose that the gentleman has high ideas of dressing-rooms for the future.



MISS ROSE COGHLAN AS ROSALIND.

"Ah, Will," quoth the honest Burbage, turning from a contemplation of the stage to the audience, "dost thou recall the time when thou and Kempe and I went to the Greenwich Palace, where the Queen's court was held at Christmas-time? Methinks the damsels of to-day may vie with the maids of fair Elizabeth. Come, look thee, Will; note thou the dancing eyes, the full red cheeks, as fair as ever danced around a Stratford May-pole. But I will close; thy art is above all. We came to watch the play, and not to note the audience."



MR. MAURICE BARRYMORE AS ORLANDO.

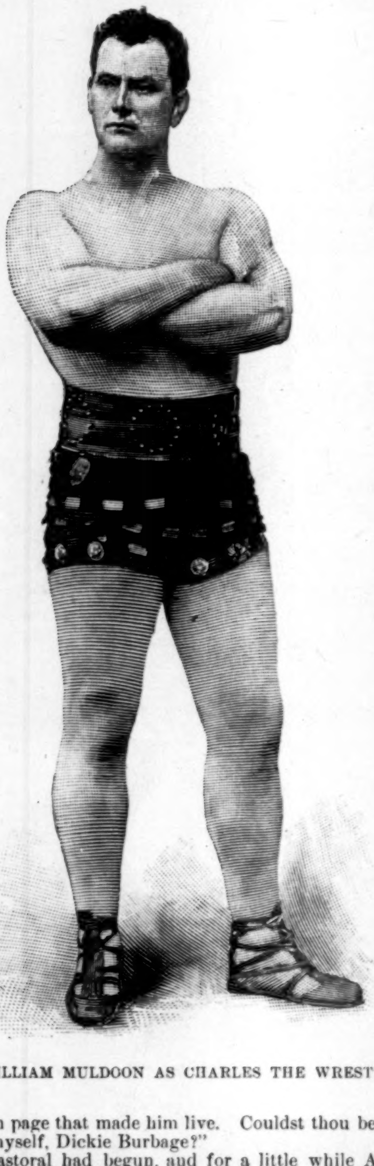
"Thou must hold me as a woman, Dick," returned the other, "for thou dost seek to rule by contraries. But thou art a good fellow, thy ways are winning, though what care I for all the world's society? It is a picture full of beauty, and, in truth, they are fair; but now the music starts; turn thy back to the world, and let us live again in the forest of Arden."

The orchestra of the Madison Square Theatre was hidden behind the trees, and as the music started up, the audience leaned forward in anticipation. All the resorts about New York contributed their quota of fashionable guests, and Fifth Avenue was emptied for the afternoon. Those who remained in town, and those who had not gone far away, seemed to regard the place as a sort of society rendezvous, and everybody appeared in their best—that is, if their best was light and airy enough. At three o'clock a fanfare announced the beginning, and Adam and Orlando appeared from behind the trees.

"What say you, Dick," whispered one of the unseen guests, "rememberest thou when I played Adam at the Globe?"

"I' truth," the other laughed, "those times were rare. Thou wert ever so careful of thy feet I marvelled that thou shouldst make Adam lame; and every one that since hath followed thee hath so limped in and out the forest ways."

"But this were rare enough to make the old man young again," the poet cried, admiringly. "Note thou Orlando. Ay, marry, but he hath a gentle manner. 'Tis the Orlando that I saw before mine eyes long ere the quill had marred the virgin page that made him live. Couldst thou be a better one thyself, Dickie Burbage?"



MR. WILLIAM MULDOON AS CHARLES THE WRESTLER.

The pastoral had begun, and for a little while Arcadia was the world in which the people lived. Orlando was ideal in his acting, deserving of nothing but praise, and the world was not so far forgot but what plenty of applause was forth-coming. If we were all suddenly translated to a real Arcadia, we would no doubt greet the first gentle shepherd with an encore when he had finished a tune upon his pipe, but after a while we might get accustomed to such things, and accept them as a matter of course. The audience in this case did not get beyond the first stage, and the grove of Arden rang with much well-deserved applause. Once in a while it seemed lost in contemplation of the scene, but it always appreciated the good points. Society seldom forgets itself, and perhaps it might take more gentle shepherds than the real Arcadia possesses to bring society to the realization that Arcadia wasn't run for its particular benefit any more than for the gentle tuneful shepherd. However, Orlando made a hit at the beginning, and Celia and Rosalind won the hearts of all as soon as they entered. One might imagine that everybody had been brought up in the forest, so naturally did they make their entrances and exits, and you watched them from a distance until they passed behind a cedar hedge far in the background. They never seemed to hurry to and fro, and that lent an element of comfort and ease peculiarly refreshing on that hot, hot day. The play ran smoothly along, and Duke Frederick and his court arrived on time. Charles the Wrestler was there, and he was another bit of modern realism that pleased everybody, for, in truth, he was a wrestler by profession. Of course people knew that Duke Frederick was only a make-believe usurper, but there was an element of fact in Mr. William Muldoon.

"Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?" asked the big man, throwing aside his long cloak.

Mr. William Muldoon stood before the audience in flesh-colored tights and black trunks. His magnificent form was shown to advantage, and the muscles of his arms and legs were plainly seen. The men in the audience were in the minority, and their shouts of welcome were lost in the chorus that broke from the women. It was an involuntary homage to giant strength—it was a remnant of that feeling that led old Roman society to the amphitheatre. We are not creatures of perfect civilization as yet; Mr. William Muldoon has claimed the homage of the fair patricians of these modern days. After duly warning his challenger, Mr. Muldoon and the stripling Orlando embraced. The ladies quite enjoyed it as Mr. Muldoon described geometrical figures in the air with his opponent. But he didn't get a fair fall out of him, because the whole play would have been ruined if he had. Mr. Muldoon yielded gracefully at last to Mr. Shakespeare's ideas, and fell to the ground. It took four men to carry him away, and immediately after he disappeared from view the worthy gentleman hastened to complete the arrangements for a sure-enough prize-fight, in which his lines were: "Look out for his right, Jake! Watch his right!"

There was no curtain to raise for the second act, no scenes to shift; but you knew that this was the real forest of Arden, while the first act had taken place in an orchard near Oliver's house and several other localities duly described on the play-bill. The court of the banished Duke S., with a background of foresters in Lincoln-green, was held under cloudy skies, and the audience began to tremble at the thought. It looked very much as though it was going to rain; that was carrying realism a little too far, and the play-book didn't call for any such performance on the part of nature. Everybody had their best hats and gowns on, and it wouldn't be advisable to ruin them so early in the season—these were the disturbing thoughts of the on-lookers. But the forest folk went right along with their parts.

"A dainty Rosalind," the poet murmured, as the lithe figure was seen through the trees. "It was ever wrong that a boy should play that part. A mistress after mine own heart, fair Rosalind. A benison upon thee, for I dream almost that I still live. Hey, Dickie, thou rascal, what sayest thou? Wouldst thou turn to the audience now?"

"Nay, nay," the other laughed, "for there is no audience to turn to. They have fled, sweet Will, for mark you how it rains."

"But the forest company turns not," said the poet. "Fair Rosalind doth act the gallant in protecting Celia, and yonder tree will shield them both."

The actors all showed a sweet Arcadian indifference for the rain that poured down, but they couldn't play before an audience that was hurrying to shelter as fast as possible. So the company amused themselves by indulging in anachronisms, such as cigars and cigarettes, umbrellas and rubber cloaks. Suddenly the rain ceased, some of the audience returned, and the performance went on again, but there was more or less uneasiness exhibited by society, for the rain threatened to fall again before long. Some unimportant parts were cut, and the song "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," was omitted, for the wind, although a summer wind, needed no melodious invocation, as it was blowing with great vigor at the time.

The act between Rosalind and Orlando was perfect in its art and grace. It held that delicate touch which may be so easily marred.

"Prithee, tell me, Will," whispered the old actor, "doth Orlando win her love? For, in truth, have I wellnigh forgot the ending."

"Ay, marry, Dickie, so he doth. Would Rosalind be less than human to withstand such wooing? And the youth would indeed be sorry that he failed to win the gentle lass. Ay, Dickie, win he must, but were his Rosalind not here he might woo the charming Celia, the fair Audrey, the winsome Phœbe, for I tell thee, lad, man might do no better. Sawest thou ever a fairer lot of maids? Nay, nay, not I."

The day grew more in keeping with the melancholy Jaques. The bouncing Audrey and sweet Phœbe could not win a smile from the dark heavens. The clouds grew heavier all the while. Neither country simplicity nor courtly grace could win the undivided attention of the audience. The play progressed rapidly, and Rosalind had just finished the epilogue when the rain-storm burst forth again, and everybody scampered away. The two shadowy friends, regardless of the rain and too thin to blow away, sat upon a stump in the stage plot.

"A pretty idyl," quoth the actor. "Thou wert a genius, Will, to bring such sweet perfection to so fair a thought."

The other smiled. "The actors may mar a piece, good Dickie, as thou knowest, but this was a rare lot. I tell thee that they all did well, and so it seemed like life. The country clown is himself as nature made him, and, though his part be small, to have him true to life the actor must be greater than any country clown may be. So it was, to-day: all being great, the smallest part was true to life. It fitted perfectly when brought together, and the picture was complete—a picture, Dickie, not soon forgotten."

THE SUBURBAN.

So much has been written and said of the great Suburban Handicap, run at the Sheepshead Bay track of the Coney Island Jockey Club, that many people who have little if any interest in racing are curious to know why this race should make such an extraordinary stir in turf affairs, and why such an immense assemblage of men and women should undergo many discomforts in order to witness a contest of the sort. Handicaps like the Suburban, while as old as the century in England, are comparatively new in the United States, and are the most popular racing events offered for competition by our jockey clubs. The Suburban Handicap, of which our turf-goers make so much, is modelled after the famous City and Suburban of England. The distance is the same, and the conditions almost alike. The idea of such a handicap is to bring the poorest and the best horses together by so equalizing the weight carried by each, that no horse in the race, if properly trained, ought to have any advantage over another. The handicapper generally pitches his top weight at 130 pounds, and his bottom weight at 90 pounds. This makes a difference of 40 pounds between the top and bottom horses, which, in the estimation of the most expert turfmen, ought to bring the best and the poorest on terms of equality in a race over a mile and a quarter of ground.

In the last Suburban handicap Kingston was allotted the top weight at 130 pounds, while Stryke, Carroll, and Rico had the bottom weight at 90 pounds each. Not one of these horses accepted the weight assigned them, and were declared out of the handicap. The next top weight after Kingston at 130, was Tenny at 128, and this was accepted by his owner, which in effect means that the work of the handicapper is regarded as satisfactory by the owner accepting the weight. The horse accepting the lowest weight in the last Suburban was Isaac Lewis, with 98 pounds; and as Tenny started with 128, there was thus 30 pounds between the top and bottom weights that started. The race was won by Loantaka, carrying 110, Major Domo being second, with 104, and Cassius third, with 115. Banquet was fourth, with 110, and Tenny fifth, with 128. All five were close together at the finish, so that the work of the handicapper must be deemed to have been successful, the element of uncertainty having obtained throughout the race, and until the last half-dozen strides.

Then there is another popular side to these handicaps. By the just allotment of weights the poor horseman with a second-class horse is placed on an equal footing with the rich horseman with a first-class horse. Then, again, the rich but unfortunate turfman with a second-class animal has the same opportunity to win as the poor but fortunate turfman with a first-class horse. All distinctions are levelled in a handicap like the Suburban. The race was first run in June, 1884, and was won by General Monroe from a field of 20 starters. The horse was owned by a modest Westchester County contractor named McElmeel, and his good fortune led him to turf speculation that impoverished him. In 1885 Mr. Pierre Lorillard flashed the unknown Pontiac upon a dazed public, and defeated Monogram, the greatest favorite that ever started for the race, Tenny alone excepted. Pontiac was in at light weight, and had never previously run in this country. In 1886 Captain S. S. Brown, the Pittsburg coal king, won with Troubadour, and besides the value of the stake, won $80,000 in wagers against $3500 which he had invested. Captain Brown had discovered early in the spring that Troubadour would prove a great race-horse, and was fortunate enough to get his money on in the ante-post books at odds ranging from 150 to 1 against to 30 to 1 against. This was the most successful *coup* ever planned on the American turf. Many book-makers had to retire from business. In 1887 Eurus won for Mr. A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This was a fluke, however, as the two favorites—Ben Ali and Quito—carrying tons of the public money, were left standing at the post. In 1888 Elkwood won the Suburban, after a great contest at the finish with Terra Cotta and Firenze. It was up to that time the fastest Suburban run by two seconds. There was 20 to 1 against Elkwood in the betting. Mr. Gratz, owner of Elkwood, never had any good fortune thereafter, and lost his horses one by one. His success was either too much for him or for his trainer. His name is now nothing but a memory on the turf.

In 1889 the late August Belmont won with Raceland. The contest was not in that year by any means high class, and excited the least amount of enthusiasm of any Suburban. Raceland's closest competitors at the finish were Terra Cotta, which had run second the year before, and the mare Gorgo, owned by the late Senator Hearst, of California. Mr. Belmont, however, was then the proudest man that had been seen upon the turf for many a day, and he showered costly presents upon Garrison, the jockey that rode the horse, and upon his wife. Last year the Suburban was the sensational contest of the decade. Those equine giants, Salvator, Tenny, and Cassius met six others in the fray, and all records were broken at the end, when Salvator, carrying the top weight, 128 pounds, beat Cassius a neck in the mile and a quarter in 2.06⅘. Tenny half a length away. It was this marvellous contest which afterward led to the match race between Salvator and Tenny, each carrying 122 pounds, in which the mile and a quarter was run in 2.05, Salvator winning by a short head.

The Suburban this year was a thrilling contest indeed, not soon to be forgotten by the 30,000 persons who saw it. Tenny and Tea Tray were the popular idols. The public money rushed in like a mighty wave upon the book-makers in support of Tenny, while his step-brother, Tea Tray, had the undivided support of horsemen and trainers, who wagered big money, and who had observed his brilliant work at the Brighton Beach track preliminary to the race. In spite of the good work of the handicapper in adjusting the weights, and thereby giving every horse a chance to win, neither the public nor the horsemen could be got for a moment to believe that there was any possibility of defeat for both Tenny and Tea Tray. It was a question only which of the two sons of Rayon d'Or would win. Isaac Murphy, dark-skinned and wealthy, had the mount on Tenny; Garrison, he of the deadly whip and the vicious spurs, had the seat on Tea Tray, and how could two such animals, ridden by these greatest jockeys of the time, fail to finish in the front rank of the field of flying horses? The other eight horses were but as chaff before the wind. Veteran race-goers looked with commiseration upon the owners who dared to pay $250 starting-fee, and send thoroughbreds like Major Domo, Loantaka, Fitzjames, and Banquet to contest against imperial horses like Tenny and Tea Tray. No allotment of weight, they contended, could bring such animals on an equal footing. And so the betting went on hot and lively in the overcrowded ring, with 100 book-makers shouting the odds, and 10,000 men eager in taking them. The wave of support on Tenny could not be resisted. From 6 to 5 against, his price went down to even money, then to 4 to 5 against, then from 3 to 5 against, and finally the enthusiastic admirers of the sway-back horse cheerfully put up $500 to win $200. Then the tide of money flowed in upon Tea Tray, Tenny's step-brother. On it came in thousands and thousands, straight and place. Wagers of $1000 against $800 that the horse would be no worse than second were as plentiful as apples in an orchard, and the remaining eight horses in the race, with their fine pedigree and their great jockeys, were only considered in calculating the chances of the horse that would run third. Only one man in a hundred supported any one of them to win, and only one man in fifty backed any one of them for the place.

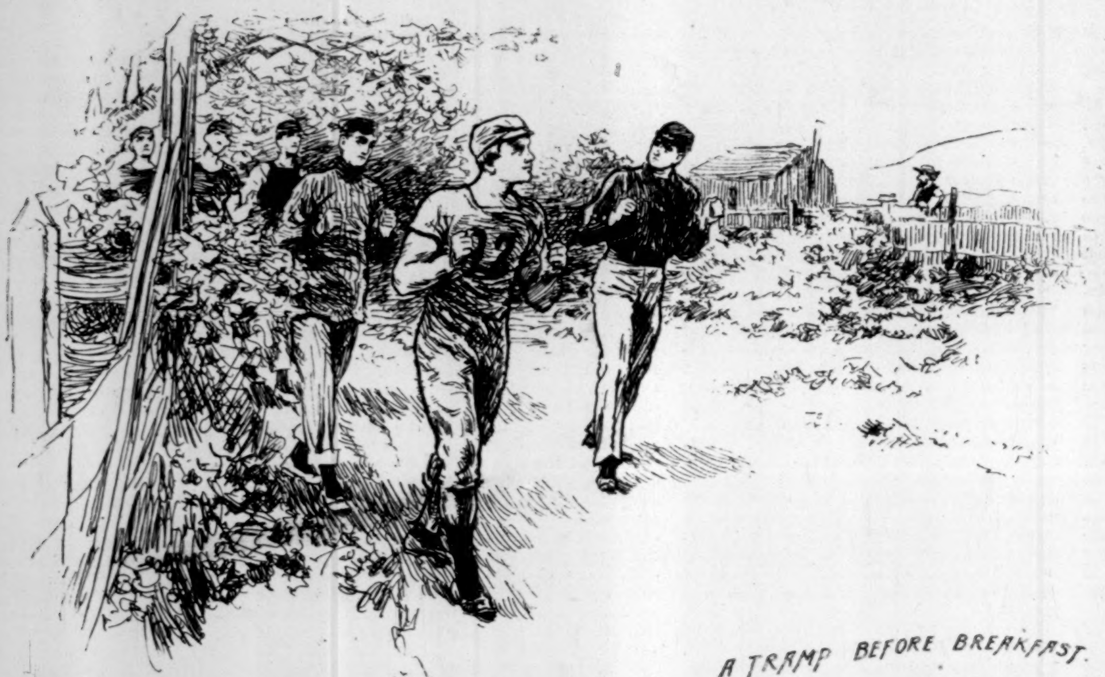
The bugle sounded the fateful call for the horses to the post. The stream of humanity flowed out of the betting ring. Out and out it came until it covered all the green grass upon the velvety lawn, until it covered the massive grand stand, till it filled the roof, till it overflowed the balconies in the club-house, till it made the paddock black, and then it flowed across the track into the out-field, thousands upon thousands fighting for a vantage-ground to witness the contest between these favored giants of the turf. Out upon the track came a beautiful chestnut horse, with plaited mane, carrying colors of canary and purple, and on his back was Taylor, one of the greatest jockeys that we can boast of. This chestnut horse was Isaac Lewis, a speedy fellow in moderate company, but the Suburban crowd cared nothing for him, with his 98 pounds, and he passed unnoticed to the post. Then came Fitzjames, the brown horse which carried the hopes of the Haggin confederacy. The dusky Barnes, in bright orange waist and blue sleeves and cap, sat jauntily upon its back. There was a slight ripple of applause, for the Haggin colors are dear to race-goers, having been worn in many a well-fought battle won by Salvator, king of the turf, and Firenze, the unchallenged queen.

Out through the paddock gate came the mastodonic Major Domo, looking as fit as human hands could make him, with Martin, the winner of one Suburban Handicap, wearing the colors red, white, and blue. No notice of him was taken by the expectant crowd. At best, they argued, he was but an outcast from the stable of Mr. David Dunham Withers, the master of Brookdale, and how could such as he ever hope, even with 104 pounds up, to beat the royal Tenny and the princely Tea Tray. Then came Loantaka, his brown neck arched, with Bergen in the saddle. There was a cheer, not for the horse, but for the most popular jockey of the day, whose honesty is beyond question, and whose skill is not surpassed by any boy on the turf. Few gave any thought to this brown horse, Loantaka, even with Bergen to pilot him, for was he too not an outcast from the stable of Mrs. George L. Lorillard, now the Countess Agreda, and was he not sold for the paltry sum of $275? How could he with 110 pounds beat the champions who carried the hopes and the money of the race-goers the country wide? In rapid succession came Demuth, Riley, and Banquet, horses that were deemed to have a bare chance. Then a tremendous shout went up that was echoed from club-house to field, and from field back to club-house, and the black and white colors of William Lakeland were seen. Everybody knew that the horse was Tea Tray, and the jockey was Garrison. Fit to the hour did he look. Never was a horse sent to the post in better condition for a great race. Lakeland looked with pride upon his horse, and told his friends that he saw no possibility of defeat. He failed to remember that ounce of sulky blood that is positively a quantity in all the sons of Rayon d'Or, as much so in Tea Tray as in his step-brother Tenny. Then the crowd waited patiently for Tenny, their idol beyond all question. But he came not, as he had gone directly to the post from his stable, and was seen only for a moment at the parade before the start.

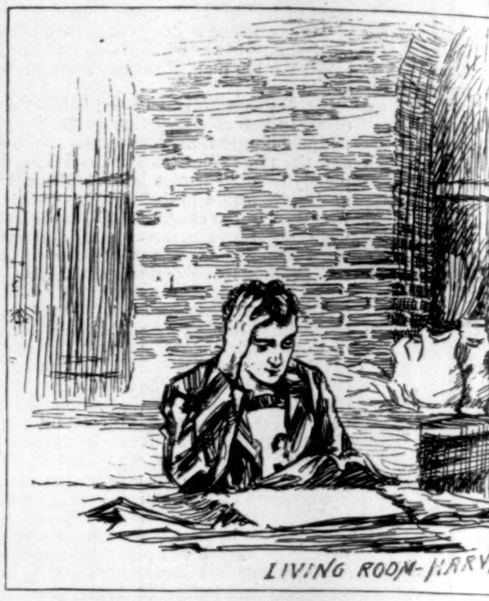
Finally the eventful moment came, and the horses were lined before Starter Caldwell. His flag was poised in the air as he coaxed the boys into line and into motion, and catching them all well abreast, excepting the brown horse Loantaka, down went the flag, and the race for the eighth Suburban had begun. Out into the light shot Major Domo, carrying his red, white, and blue a length in the lead as the horses came down at a terrific pace toward the grand stand. Cassius next, with the dusky Hamilton hustling Banquet into a good position by the rail. These three had daylight between them and the field that followed, which latter was headed by Isaac Lewis, then Fitzjames, Demuth, and Riley in a bunch, while Tenny, Tea Tray, and Loantaka brought up the rear. That first furlong, which brought them to the stand in front of the thousands of race-goers, was run in 12 seconds. It was a heart-breaking pace for the horses with the top weights, and it was made more so in the next furlong, where they swept around the turn, and completed the quarter of a mile in 24½ seconds. Tea Tray was then last of the flying bunch, with Tenny just in front of him, and the brown horse Loantaka eighth. Out in front Major Domo, with his light weight of 104 pounds, was cutting out a terrific pace, with Cassius at his saddle-girth, and Demuth coming through with all his speed. The half-mile was run in the fast time of 50 seconds, and the terrific pace was beginning to tell on the heavily weighted horses, while those in front were travelling with resistless force, keeping up the steady pace, and running every furlong of the race in the average time of 12½ seconds.

"Now watch Tenny move up," was the cry of some and the thought of thousands. But Tenny would not move up. The anxious crowd scanned the field, and saw Garrison last with Tea Tray, belaboring him with whip and spur, while the sulky brute never gained a yard on the flying field beyond him. Isaac Murphy was hopelessly ninth with Tenny, using his hands, his knees, and his spurs to force him along. Fifteen lengths out in front was still the racing Major Domo, Martin, his jockey, hugging the rails, and having a clear field in front. Within a length of him was Demuth, carrying the white silk and the scarlet cap of the McLewee confederacy, and close up to him lay Cassius, Fitzjames, and Banquet. The three-quarters of a mile had been run in 1 minute and 15 seconds, and if Tenny was ever to come up from the rear, now was his time or never. Up came the little sway-back, the red and white stripes flashing past Loantaka, Riley, and Isaac Lewis, until from being ninth, the idol of the public was sixth. "Tenny wins! Tenny wins!" was the shout of excited thousands, but instantly he fell back again, while Loantaka in navy blue flashed up from the rear, and passing Riley, Isaac Lewis, and Tenny, made play for the flying leaders beyond. The mile had been run in the great time of 1 minute and 41 seconds—fast enough to kill any horse with 128 pounds upon such a track. Major Domo was still in the lead by a length, Demuth second, Cassius third, Banquet fourth, and Loantaka fifth, all close together. Up went Murphy's whip, and down it came on Tenny's flank; up and down it went a dozen times, but not a foot of ground could the famous son of Rayon d'Or gain upon those in front of him. Isaac Lewis, Tea Tray, and Riley were then hopelessly out of the race. Into the stretch swept the leaders, Martin still hugging the rail with Major Domo, and leading by a length.

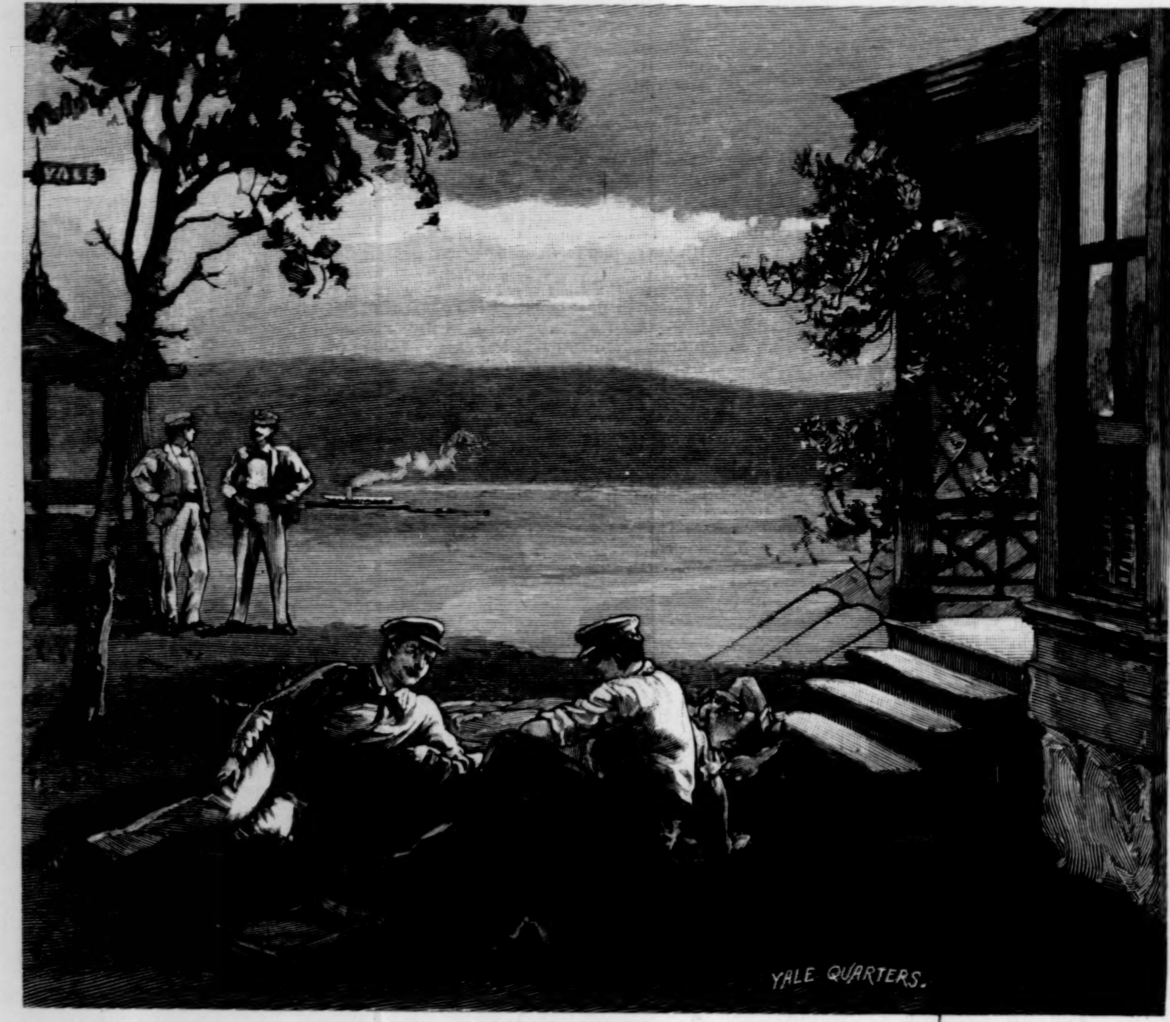
"Tenny's beaten, Major Domo wins!" was the melancholy shout of thousands. Just then Demuth, which had been running second, dropped back, and Fitzjames took his place, with Cassius third, and Loantaka fourth. "Major Domo wins!" was again the shout. "No; Fitzjames wins!" was shouted back. "Look at Cassius come!" cried a thousand admirers of the horse. And as they passed the furlong pole, the race looked as if it would be Major Domo first, Fitzjames second, and Cassius third. But then came Bergen on the outside with the brown whirlwind Loantaka, riding with whip and spur, and all the desperate energy which he ever possessed. Stride by stride he gained upon the three leaders. A sixteenth of a mile from home he has pssed Cassius, in five more jumps he has passed Fitzjames, which horse is tiring rapidly, and as the centre of the stand is reached he gets on even terms with Major Domo, sticks his spurs into his horse for the last time, brings down his whip with a terrific swish, pulls his mount together, and lifts him over the line, a winner by half a length in the second fastest Suburban ever run; Major Domo second, but not disgraced; Cassius third, a head better than Banquet; he a head better than Fitzjames; he a head better than Tenny; the other four straggled out. That was how the race was run and won. It was a triumph of the handicapper's art. It was a great blow to those who speculate on popular favorites regardless of the weight they carry. It was one of those successful races that do much to promote the progress of the turf and inspire public interest in racing.



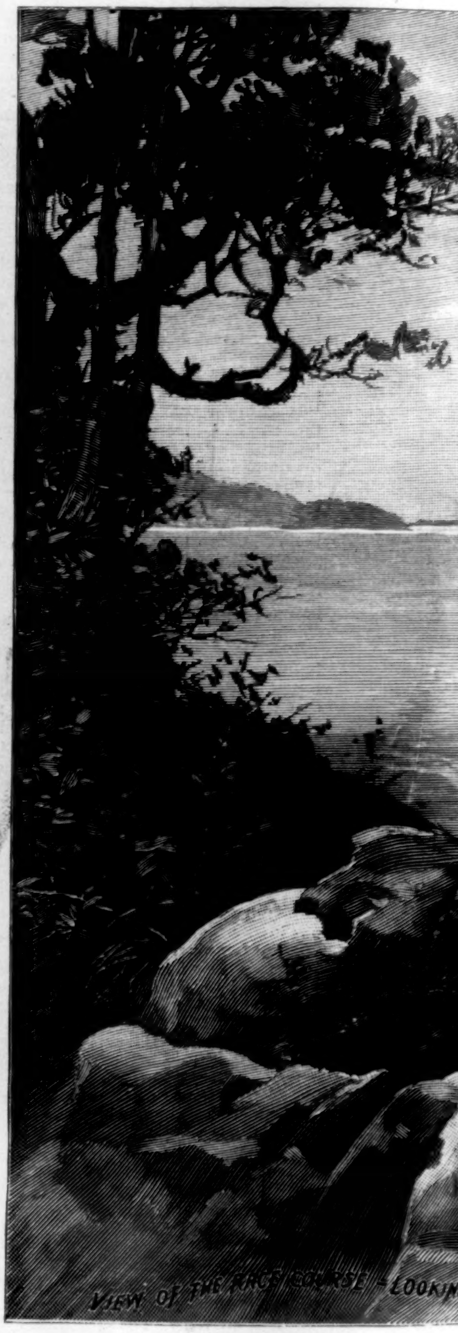
A TRAMP BEFORE BREAKFAST.



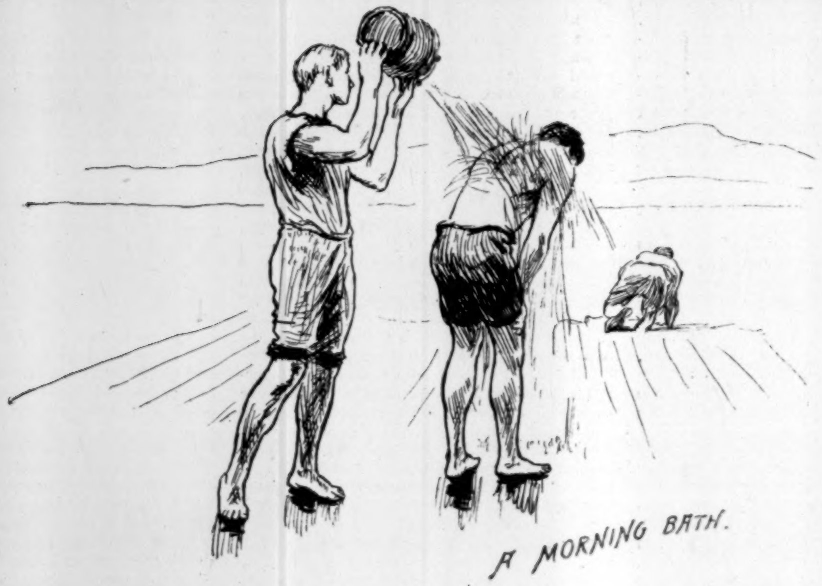
LIVING ROOM—HARV



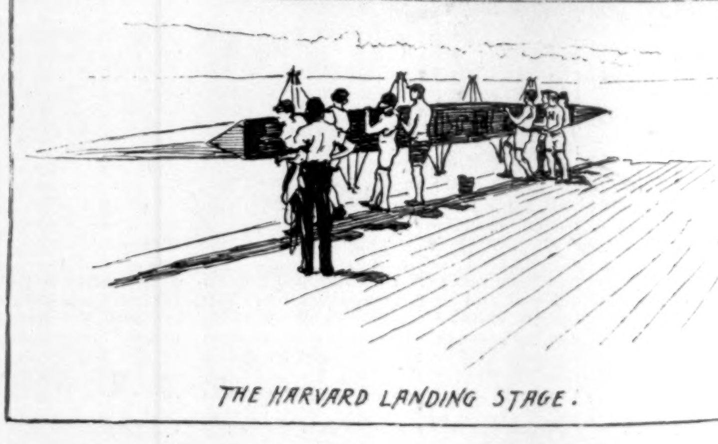
YALE QUARTERS.



VIEW OF THE RACE COURSE—LOOKIN

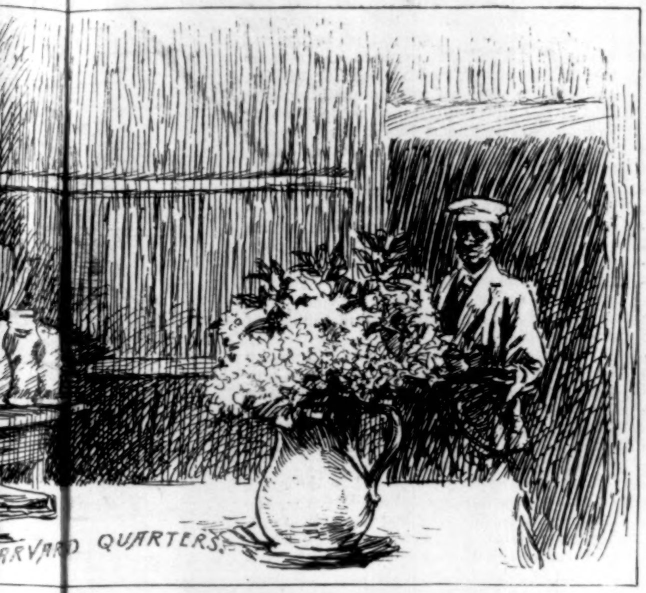


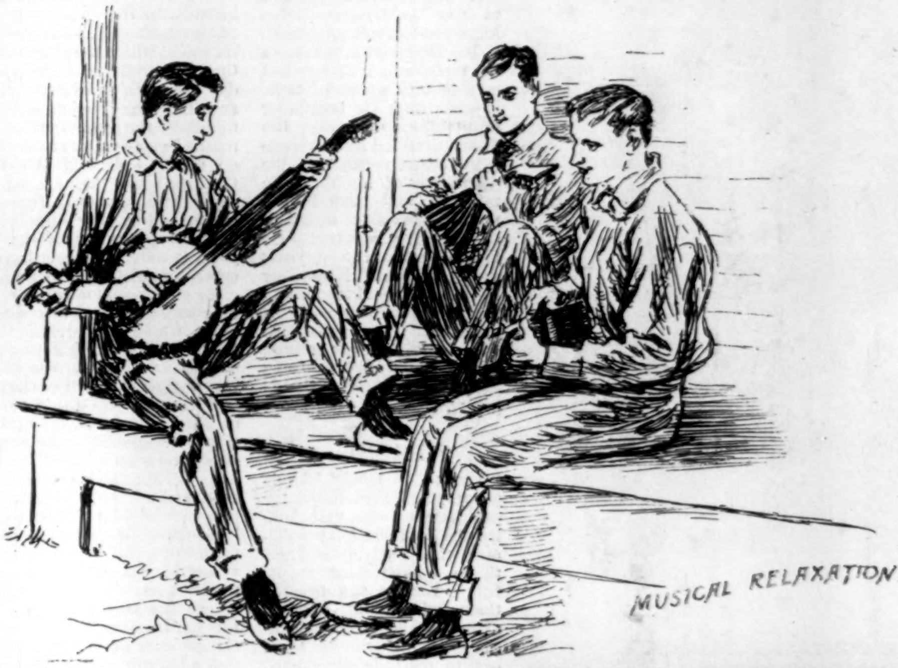
A MORNING BATH.

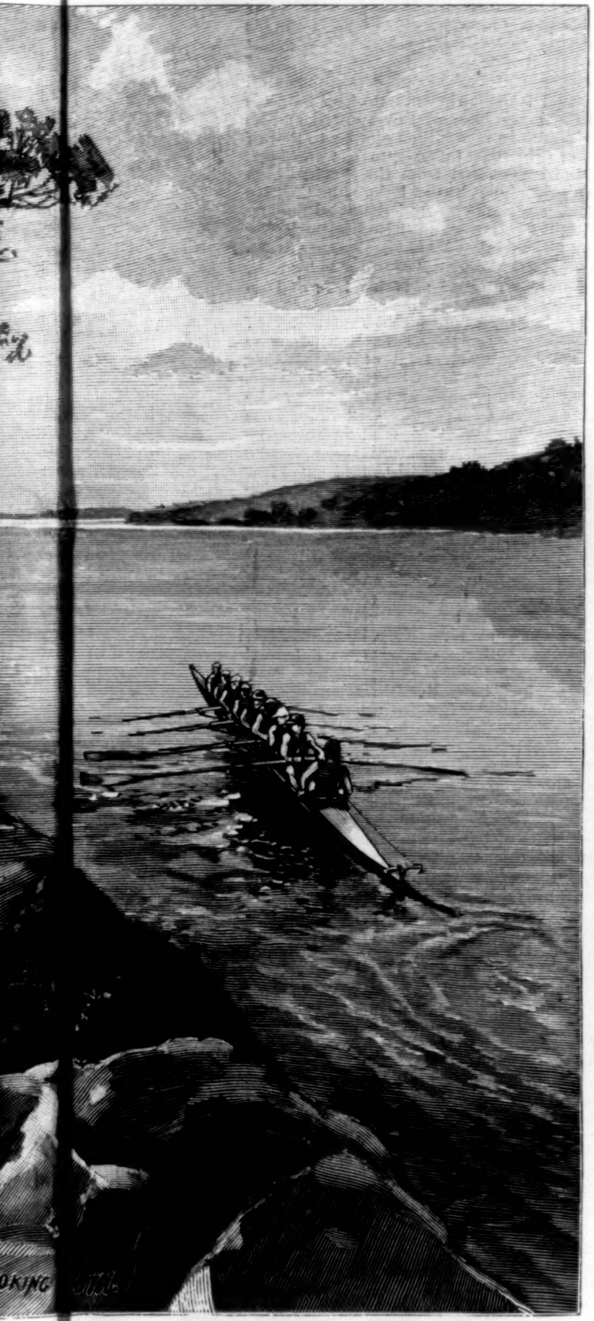


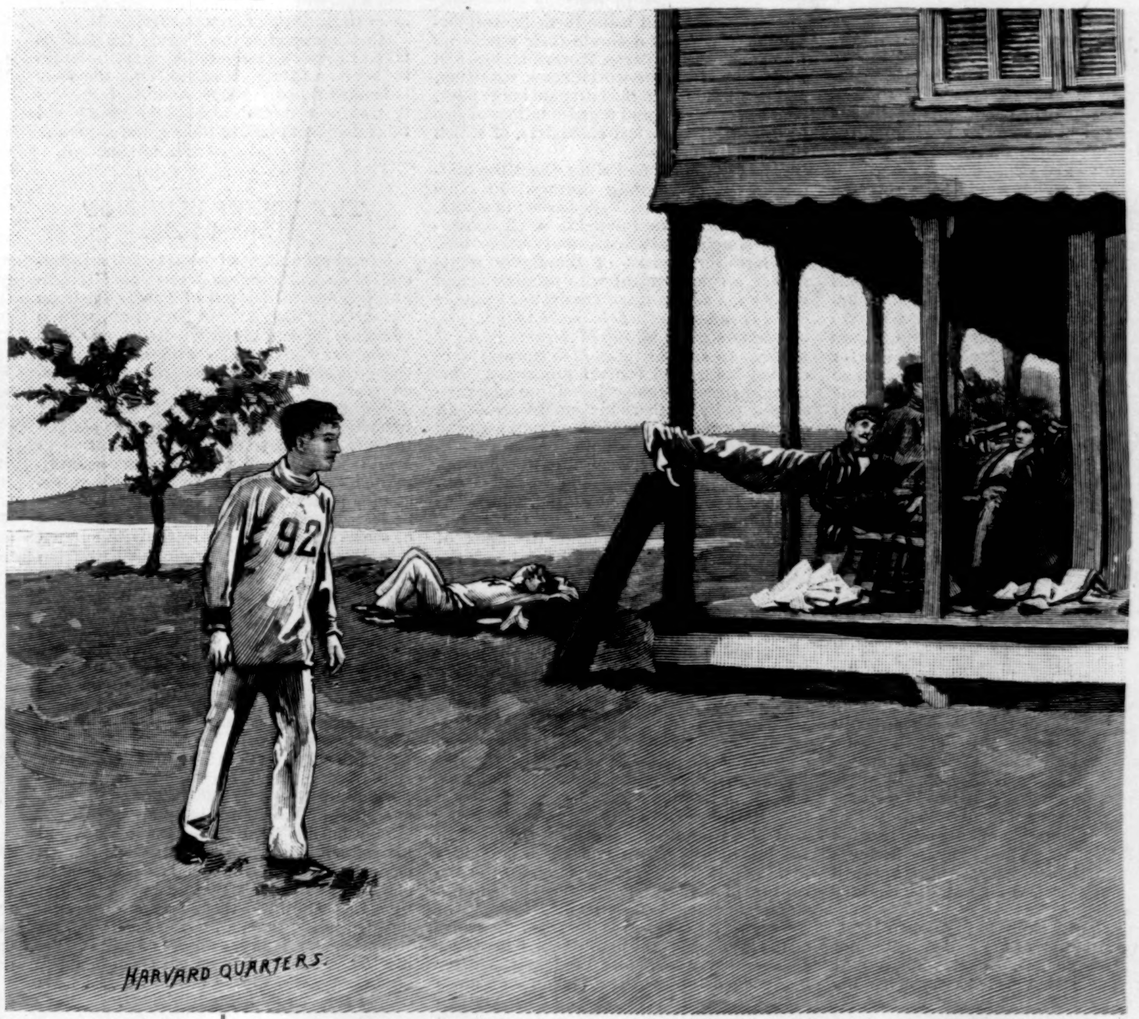
THE HARVARD LANDING STAGE.

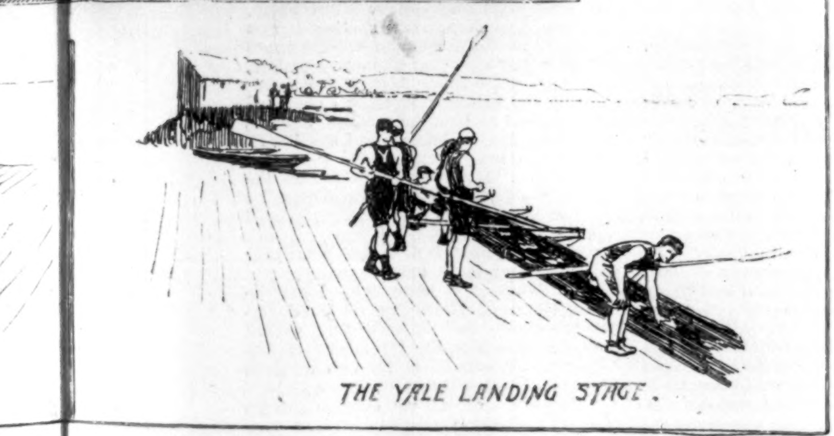
GETTING READY FOR THE BOAT-RACE—THE YALE AND HARV

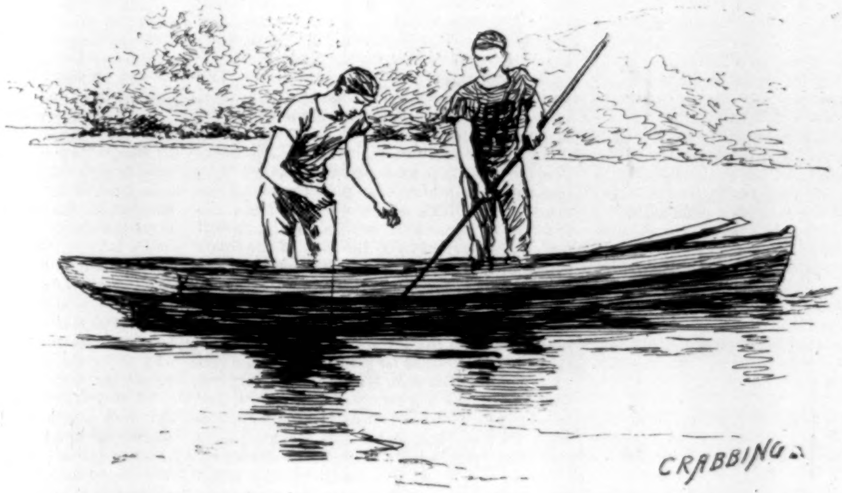

ARVARD QUARTERS.


MUSICAL RELAXATION.

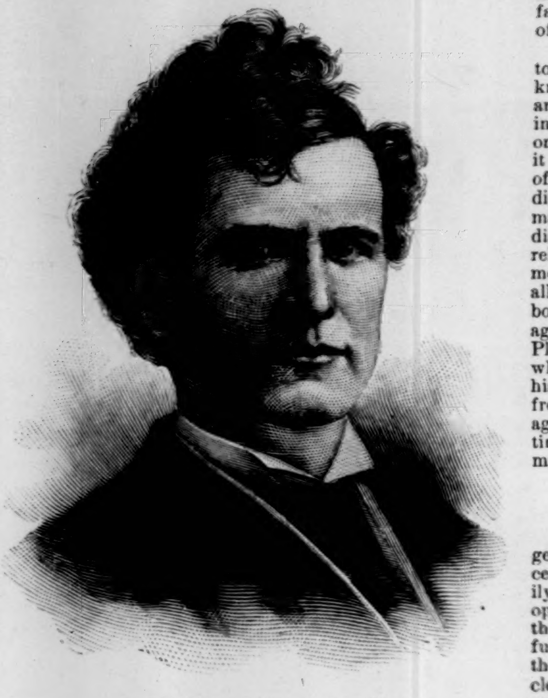



92
HARVARD QUARTERS.


THE YALE LANDING STAGE.



ARVARD CREWS AT NEW LONDON.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 485.]



J. K. EMMET.—From a Photograph.

JOSEPH K. EMMET.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

This very popular German dialect comedian has just died of pneumonia at the age of fifty. He had a singular hold upon the theatre-going people of America, and for nearly twenty-five years, despite eccentricities of conduct which would have ruined a less popular man, he has continued to play to crowded houses whenever and wherever he appeared. He was by no means a great actor, and his art, if art it can be called, consisted only in the exhibition of a phase of his own personality. This phase was at once humorous and pathetic, and was not at all above the taste and comprehension of the masses of the people. It was, therefore, possible for him to continue to exhibit it, and to act one character, in what was virtually the same play, during the whole time of his theatrical career. And what was more to the purpose, so far as he was concerned, his one character was as attractive during the last few years as it had been at the beginning. He made so much money that reckless prodigality and mad dissipations did not by any means consume all of his accumulations.

He was born in St. Louis, and claimed to be a distant relative of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. He had a sweet voice, and learned without effort to play upon one musical instrument and another. At a military school in his boyhood he was the leader of the band, and his first appearance on the stage was in a variety theatre, where, during the war-time, when drum music was more highly esteemed than now, he performed a solo on the snare-drum. Previous to this he had been for a little while a sign-painter. In variety theatres in St. Louis and elsewhere in the West, he sang and danced and took parts in the extravagant plays affected at such places of amusement. He early tried German dialect songs, and from the first was successful in them. He was also a negro minstrel, and travelled all over the country with such a show.

Emmet's chance came to him when he attracted the attention of the famous actor and manager, Ben de Bar. That veteran told the young man that he was throwing his talents away on the variety and negro minstrel stage. He suggested that his trick of imitating the German dialect be utilized in something approaching a regular play. The result of this advice was that Mr. Charles Gayler was engaged to write a play embodying Mr. De Bar's ideas. Mr. Gayler constructed *Fritz, our Cousin German.* A five years' contract was entered into between actor and playwright, the latter also agreeing to act as manager. In November, 1869, this first play was produced in Buffalo, and from the beginning was an immense popular success. There was novelty in the venture, which enabled the actor to exhibit the attractive phase of his personality to great advantage. His sweet and sympathetic voice, his engaging smile—which showed his white and even teeth—his stalwart figure and overflowing good nature, had been counted upon by the playwright, and the public surrendered at once and for all time. He never lost the favor which was won at this performance. Everywhere he met with the same kind of success, and both he and Mr. Gayler were soon making very handsome profits. Mr. Gayler wrote another play, *Carl, the Fiddler*, which, though not a failure, was not successful in the same measure as *Fritz*.

Since then Emmet, till he died, played one modification and another of *Fritz*, but in the main it was always the same old play, in which Emmet sang and danced, caressed little children, and introduced a dog as his intimate friend. These were things which appealed to the people, and with them Emmet achieved a certain kind of fame and earned a great deal of money.

As a man Emmet belonged to that unfortunate class known as occasional drunkards. He could never drink in moderation, and when once he took a glass of wine, it was always the beginning of a serious debauch. His dissipations led him twice to mad-houses, occasioned the disruption of his domestic relations, and gave him a most unenviable notoriety all over the country. He bought, some fifteen years ago, the Van Rensselaer Place, on the Hudson, and when not acting made it his home. He was divorced from his wife a year or more ago. His only son for some time acted as his father's manager.

DASHI.

Living, in lovely islands geographically secluded for centuries, as one vast family, the Japanese have developed their sociable and æsthetic temperament to its full. Nature has favored them with mild climate, clear sky, and beautiful landscapes, which invite them out to open-air diversions, and make them festival-loving people. They decorate their streets on festal days with lanterns, flowers, arches, and images, and have fire-works, races, wrestling, and processions. In the latter are borne flags, banners, emblems, and representations of historical or mythological characters, of which the principal is *dashi*.

Dashi has been used since about the middle of the seventeenth century. In some parts of the empire it is called *hoko;* in others, *yama*. There are three kinds of *dashi*—*dashi* simple, *hoko-dashi*, and *hana-dashi*. All, however, consist of the figure represented, a compartment with musicians, and a car upon which these are drawn. Simple *dashi* is one-storied, *hoko-dashi* two-storied, and *hana-dashi* is a heap of flowers made of paper. In ancient times *hoko* (spears) were carried before the festival procession. Afterward these were developed into umbrella-shaped poles, with richly embroidered silk curtains around them, and surmounted by spear blades. Their shape has been modified in various ways, according to the popular taste of different ages, and the full development is seen in the *hoko-dashi*, which has the upper story smaller than the lower, forming a sort of pyramid, the apex of which is represented by the spear's end, the name *hoko-dashi* (*spear-dashi*) indicating the origin.

Hoko-dashi is illustrated in our Supplement. The posts and beams are lacquered black, and ornamented with gilt. The curtains are richly embroidered silk. The image on the top, wearing an embroidered silken robe, represents the Empress Jingo, who invaded Corea in 200 A.D. Her husband, the Emperor Chuāi, undertook an expedition to punish the Coreans for disloyalty, but died on the way. The Empress, though in the tenth month of pregnancy at that time, led the army in person, vowing that she would not give birth to the child till her happy return and the accomplishment of the will of her husband. After the capture of the capital of Corea, she set up a stone monument before the principal gate of the castle, on which was inscribed the cause of the invasion. She planted there her spear also, which was kept sacred in Corea for many a generation. The Corean king made a vow, saying: "Though the sun may rise from the west, or the river Arinare flow backward to its source, we and our descendants will not change in our loyalty. Our ships, which shall carry our tributes to Japan, shall not have their helms dry" (that is they shall be always busily moving). "If we or our descendants should break this vow, the gods of heaven and earth shall punish us." The Empress led back her army, and having arrived at Tsukushi, in Japan, bore a child, who was enthroned as Emperor Ojin under the regency of his mother. The Empress has been since regarded as a kind of guardian angel of the national valor and of happy child-bearing.

The lower story of the *hoko-dashi* is occupied by musicians and men with masks, who make various gestures keeping time with the music. The bird which projects from the lower story represents *hōwō*, a mythical bird which is supposed to be the king of the fowls of the air. It is said that *hōwō* does not kill the insects nor pluck young buds of trees, and that it appears on earth when a benevolent ruler is upon the throne and peace and plenty reign in the land. It is proper, then, that the bird should be placed under the feet of the good Empress Jingo, whose regency was one of the happy epochs in the history of Japan. The *hoko-dashi* is about 35 feet high, 18 feet long, and 8 feet wide. It has two large wheels and a yoke, and is drawn by two oxen. When it goes through a street gate or under an arch, the upper story is let down into the lower, so as to lessen the height.

As a day of festival draws nigh, the young men of every street have a consultation, and decide whether they will have *dashi*. If the decision be for having it, they collect contributions for the expense from every house, and each street has one *dashi*. The parts of the *dashi*, which have been carefully kept, are then gathered and fitted up. On the festal day the *dashi* is drawn by decorated oxen, and, like the Trojan horse, moves at the middle of the procession, with musicians and masked gesticulators in its flank. Before it go maidens dressed in gayly colored silk, fashioned like firemen, with *kanabō* (iron canes with sounding rings) in their right hands, and singing *kiyari* (songs for encouraging people at their work). After it follows *yatai* (a movable stage) having female dancers not more than fifteen years of age. Then come singers and musicians. The procession is in care of elderly men dressed in *hakama-haōri*, which are equivalent to the foreign swallow-tails. They have under them youngsters and workmen, who render willing service at the command of the maidens.

When the procession reaches the shrine in which the festal ceremony is celebrated, men with *hyōshigi* (two short square wooden sticks) clap a signal, and the procession halts. Then the maidens dance on the stage as they have been taught by dancing-masters especially for the occasion. On the way back from the shrine the procession marches through the streets according to the previously decided programme, and halts before the houses of the principal contributors, where the maidens dance. The master of the house gives them refreshments, and a certain sum of money folded in paper and tied with strings of red and golden colors as *shūgi* (a mark of congratulation).

On the day after the festival the *dashi* is taken to pieces, and carefully kept to be fitted up on a future occasion. Thus the *dashi* is handed down from generation to generation as a memorial, and about which old folks delight to talk to their grandchildren.

N. Amenomori.

THE BISHOP-ELECT OF MILWAUKEE.

Late in the night of June 17th the Reverend Isaac L. Nicholson was elected Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee upon the eleventh ballot. Dr. Nicholson, who is named to succeed the Right Reverend Cyrus Frederick Knight, who died a short time since, was born in Baltimore about forty-seven years ago. He received his earlier education at St. Timothy's Hall, Cantonville, Maryland, and after graduating was obliged to defer his college course on account of ill health. Entering his father's bank in Baltimore, he remained there for seven years, becoming a member of the firm. By that time he had gained in health, and being desirous of receiving a college education, he entered into Dartmouth, and graduated therefrom in 1869. While a college student he was brought under certain influences that turned his mind toward the ministry, and he therefore entered the Alexandria Seminary, where he took a theological course under Bishop Whittingham, from whom he received deacon's orders in 1871. A year later he was ordained priest by Bishop Pinkney, and entered into the assistant rectorship of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore. After four years he was called to the Church of the Ascension, Westminster, Maryland, from whence he went, in 1879, to St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, of which he is still rector. Dr. Nicholson has been an ardent worker, and his influence is extensive. In 1883 he was elected Bishop of Indiana, but declined the elevation, as he felt that his work at that time was with his parish. He is deeply interested in the prosperity of Nashotah, from whence he received the degree of S.T.D. Being the centre of a large congregation, Dr. Nicholson's loss will be widely felt, for he is deeply beloved by his parishioners.

THE WATER GHOST OF HARROWBY HALL.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The trouble with Harrowby Hall was that it was haunted, and, what was worse, the ghost did not content itself with merely appearing at the bedside of the afflicted person who saw it, but persisted in remaining there for one mortal hour before it would disappear.

It never appeared except on Christmas Eve, and then as the clock was striking twelve, in which respect alone was it lacking in that originality which in these days is a *sine qua non* of success in spectral life. The owners of Harrowby Hall had done their level best to rid themselves of the damp and dewy lady who rose up out of the best bedroom floor at midnight, but without avail. They had tried stopping the clock, so that the ghost would not know when it was midnight, but she turned up just the same, with that fearful miasmatic personality of hers, and there she would stand until everything about her was soaked through.

Then the owners of Harrowby Hall calked up every crack in the floor with the very best quality of hemp, and over this was placed a layer of tar and canvas; the walls were made water-proof, and the doors and windows likewise, the proprietors having conceived the notion that the unexorcised lady would find it difficult to leak into the room after these precautions had been taken; but even this did not suffice. The following Christmas Eve she appeared as promptly as before, and nearly frightened the occupant of the room to death by sitting down alongside of him, and gazing with her cavernous blue eyes into his; and he noticed too that in her long aqueously bony fingers bits of dripping sea-weed were entwined, the ends hanging down, and these ends she drew across his forehead until he became like one insane. And then he swooned away, and was found unconscious in his bed the next morning by his host. He was simply saturated with sea-water, and from the combined effects of fright and the soaking he received he never recovered, dying four years later of pneumonia and nervous prostration at the age of seventy-eight.

The next year the master of Harrowby Hall decided not to have the best spare bedroom opened at all, thinking that perhaps the ghost's thirst for making herself disagreeable would be satisfied by haunting the furniture, but the plan was as unavailing as the many that had preceded it.

The ghost appeared as usual in the room—that is, it was supposed she did, because the hangings were dripping wet the next morning, and in the parlor below the haunted room a great damp spot appeared on the ceiling—and finding no one there, she immediately set out to learn the reason why, and she chose none other to haunt than the owner of the Harrowby himself. She found him in his own cozy room drinking whiskey—straight whiskey it was—and felicitating himself upon having foiled her ghostship, when all of a sudden the curl went out of his hair, his whiskey bottle filled and overflowed, and he was himself in a condition similar to that of a man who has fallen into a water-butt. When he recovered from the shock, which was a painful one, he saw before him the lady of the cavernous eyes and sea-weed fingers. The sight was so unexpected and so terrifying that he fainted, but immediately came to, because of the vast amount of water in his hair, which trickled down over his face and restored his consciousness.

Now it so happened that the master of Harrowby was a brave man, and while he was not particularly fond of interviewing ghosts, especially such quenching ghosts as the one before him, he was not going to be daunted by an apparition. He had paid the lady the compliment of fainting from the effects of his first surprise, and now that he had come to, he intended to find out a few things he felt he had a right to know. He would have liked to put on a dry suit of clothes first, but the apparition declined to leave him for an instant until the hour was up, and he was forced to deny himself that pleasure. Every time he would move, she would follow him, with the result that everything she came in contact with got a ducking. In an effort to warm himself up, he approached the fire, an unfortunate move, as it turned out, because it brought the ghost right over the fire, which immediately was extinguished. The whiskey became utterly valueless as a comforter to his chilled system, because it was by this time diluted to a proportion of ninety per cent. of water. The only thing he could do to ward off the evil effects of his encounter he did, and that was to swallow ten two-grain quinine pills, which he managed to get into his mouth before the ghost had time to interfere. Having done this, he turned with some asperity to the ghost, and said:

"Far be it from me to be impolite to a woman, madam, but I'm hanged if it wouldn't please me better if you'd stop these infernal visits of yours to this house. Go sit out on the lake, if you like that sort of thing; soak the water-butt, if you wish, but don't come into a gentleman's house and saturate him and his possessions in this way. It is d—d disagreeable."

"Henry Hartwick Oglethorpe," said the ghost, in a gurgling voice, "you don't know what you are talking about."

"Madam," returned the unhappy householder, "I wish that remark were strictly truthful. I was talking about you. It would be shillings and pence—nay, pounds, in my pocket, madam, if I did not know you."

"That is a bit of specious nonsense," returned the ghost, throwing a quart of indignation into the face of the master of Harrowby. "It may rank high as repartee, but as a comment upon my statement that you do not know what you are talking about, it savors of irrelevant impertinence. You do not know that I am compelled to haunt this place year after year by inexorable fate. It is no pleasure to me to enter this house, and ruin and mildew everything I touch. I never aspired to be a shower-bath, but it is my doom. Do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't," returned the master of Harrowby. "I should say you were the Lady of the Lake or Little Sallie Waters."

"You are a witty man for your years," said the ghost.

"Well, my humor is drier than yours ever will be," returned the master.

"No doubt. I'm never dry. I am the Water Ghost of Harrowby Hall, and dryness is a quality entirely beyond my wildest hope. I have been the incumbent of that highly unpleasant office for two hundred years to-night."

"How the deuce did you ever come to get elected?" asked the master.

"I'm a suicide. I'm the ghost of that

girl whose picture hangs over the mantelpiece in the drawing-room. I should have been your great-great-great-great-great-aunt if I had lived, Henry Hartwick Oglethorpe, for I was the own sister of your great-great-great-great-grandfather."

"What induced you to get this house into such a hole?"

"I was not to blame, sir," returned the lady. "It was my father's fault. He it was who built Harrowby Hall, and that haunted room was to have been mine. My father had it furnished in pink and yellow, knowing well that blue and gray formed the only combination of color I could tolerate. He did it just to spite me, and I declined to live in the room; so he said I could live there or out on the lawn, he didn't care which. That night I ran from the house, and jumped over the cliff into the sea."

"That was rash," said the master of Harrowby.

"So I've heard," returned the ghost. "If I had known what the consequences were going to be, I never would have jumped; but I really never realized what I was doing until after I was drowned. I had been drowned a week when a sea-nymph came to me and informed me that I was to be one of her followers forever afterward, adding that it should be my doom to haunt Harrowby Hall for one hour every Christmas Eve throughout the rest of eternity. I was to haunt that room on such Christmas Eves as I found it inhabited, and if it should turn out not to be inhabited, I was and am to spend the allotted hour with the head of the house."

"I'll sell the place.'

"That you cannot do, for it is also required of me that I shall appear as the deeds are to be delivered to the purchaser, and divulge to him the awful secret of the house."

"Do you mean to tell me that on every Christmas Eve that I don't happen to have somebody in that guest-chamber, you are going to haunt me wherever I may be, ruining my whiskey, taking all the curl out of my hair, extinguishing my fire, and soaking me through to the skin?" demanded the master.

"That's about the size of it. And what is more," said the water ghost, "it doesn't make the slightest difference where you are, if I find that room empty, I douse you with my spectral pres—"

Here the clock struck one, and immediately the apparition faded away. It was perhaps more of a trickle than a fade, but as a disappearance it was complete.

"By George!" ejaculated the master of Harrowby, wringing his hands. "It is dollars to doughnuts that next Christmas there's an occupant of that room, or I spend the night in a bath-tub."

But the master of Harrowby would have lost his bet had there been any one there to take him up, for when Christmas Eve came around again, he was in his grave, never having recovered from the cold contracted that awful night. Harrowby Hall was closed, and the heir to the estate was in London, where to him in his chambers came the same experience that his father had gone through, saving only that, being younger and stronger, he survived the shock. Everything in his rooms was ruined—his clocks were rusted in the works; a fine collection of water-color drawings was entirely spoiled by the onslaught of the water ghost; and what was worse, the apartments below his were drenched with the water soaking through the floors, a damage for which he was compelled to pay, and which resulted in his being requested by his landlady to vacate the premises.

The story of the visitation inflicted upon his family had gone abroad, and no one could be got to invite him out to anything save afternoon teas and receptions. Fathers of daughters declined to permit him to remain in their houses later than eight o'clock at night, not knowing but that some emergency might arise in the supernatural world which would require the unexpected appearance of the water-ghost in this on nights other than Christmas Eve, and before the mystic hour when weary church-yards, ignoring the rules which are supposed to govern polite society, begin to yawn. Nor would the girls themselves have anything to do with him, fearing the destruction by the sudden incursion of aqueous femininity of the costumes which they held most dear.

So the heir of Harrowby Hall resolved, as his ancestors for several generations before him had resolved, that something must be done. His first thought was to make one of his servants occupy the haunted room at the crucial moment; but in this he failed, because the servants themselves knew the history of that room and rebelled. None of his friends would consent to sacrifice their personal comfort to his, nor was there to be found in all England a man so poor as to be willing to occupy the doomed chamber on Christmas Eve for pay.

Then the thought came to the heir to have the fireplace in the room enlarged, so that he might evaporate the ghost at its first appearance, and he was felicitating himself upon the ingenuity of his plan, when he remembered what his father had told him—how that no fire could withstand the lady's extremely contagious dampness. And then he bethought him of steam-pipes. These, he remembered, could lie hundreds of feet deep in water and still retain sufficient heat to drive the water away in vapor, and as a result of this thought, the haunted room was heated by dry steam to a withering degree, and the heir for six months attended daily the Turkish baths, so that when Christmas Eve came he could himself withstand the awful temperature of the room.

The scheme was only partially successful. The water ghost appeared at the specified time, and found the heir of Harrowby prepared; but hot as the room was, it only shortened her visit by five minutes in the hour, during which time the nervous system of the young master was wellnigh shattered, and the room itself was cracked and warped to an extent which required the outlay of a large sum of money to remedy. And worse than this, as the last drop of the water ghost was slowly sizzling itself out on the floor, she whispered to her would-be conqueror that his scheme would avail him nothing, because there was plenty more water where she came from, and that next year would find her rehabilitated and as exasperatingly saturating as ever.

It was then that the natural action of the mind, in going from one extreme to the other, suggested to the ingenious heir of Harrowby the means by which the water ghost was ultimately conquered, and happiness once more came within the grasp of the house of Oglethorpe.

The heir provided himself with a warm suit of fur under-clothing, the furry side in. Over this he placed a rubber garment, tight-fitting, into which he got just as a woman gets into a jersey. On top of this he placed another set of under-clothing, this suit made of wool, and over this was another rubber garment. Upon his head he placed a light and comfortable diving-helmet, and so clad, on the following Christmas Eve he awaited the coming of his tormentor.

It was a bitterly cold night that brought to a close this twenty-fourth day of December. The air outside was still, but the temperature was below zero. Within all was quiet, the servants of Harrowby Hall awaiting with beating hearts the outcome of their master's campaign against his supernatural visitor.

The master himself was lying on the bed in the haunted room, clad as has already been indicated, and—

The clock clanged out the hour of twelve.

There was a sudden banging of doors, a blast of cold air swept through the halls, the door leading into the haunted chamber flew open, a splash was heard, and the water ghost was seen standing at the side of the heir of Harrowby, from whose outer dress there streamed rivulets of water, but whose own person deep down under the various garments he wore, was as dry and as warm as he could wish.

"Ha!" said the young master of Harrowby. "I'm glad to see you."

"You are the most original man I've met, if that is true," returned the ghost. "May I ask where did you get that hat?"

"Certainly, madam," returned the master, courteously. "It is a little portable observatory I had made for just such emergencies as this. But, tell me, is it true that you are doomed to follow me about for one mortal hour—to stand where I stand, to sit where I sit?"

"That is my delectable fate," returned the lady.

"We'll go out on the lake," said the master, starting up.

"You can't get rid of me that way," returned the ghost. "The water won't swallow me up; in fact, it will just add to my present bulk."

"Nevertheless," said the master, firmly, "we will go out on the lake."

"But, my dear sir," returned the ghost, with a pale reluctance, "it is fearfully cold out there. You will be frozen hard before you've been out ten minutes."

"Oh no, I'll not," replied the master. "I am very warmly dressed. Come!" This last in a tone of command that made the ghost ripple.

And they started.

They had not gone far before the water ghost showed signs of distress.

"You walk too slowly," she said. "I am nearly frozen. My knees are so stiff now I can hardly move. I beseech you to help me to limber up by accelerating your movements."

"I should like to oblige a lady," returned the master, courteously, "but my clothes are rather heavy, and a hundred yards an hour is about my speed. Indeed, I think we would better sit down here on this snow-drift, and talk matters over."

"Do not! Do not do so, I beg!" cried the ghost. "Let me move on. I feel myself growing rigid as it is. If we stop here, I shall be frozen stiff."

"That, madam," said the master, slowly, and seating himself on an ice-cake—"that is why I have brought you here. We have been on this spot just ten minutes; we have fifty more. Take your time about it, madam, but freeze, that is all I ask of you."

"I cannot move my right leg now," cried the ghost, in despair, "and my overskirt is a solid sheet of ice. Oh, good, kind Mr. Oglethorpe, light a fire, and thaw me loose."

"Never, madam. It cannot be. I have you at last."

"Run for the ice-pick, then, and stab me to the heart, which I feel even now is congealing, and so end my misery."

"Let it congeal, say I. I'll not commit murder," returned Oglethrope. "You have drenched me and mine for two hundred and three years, madam. To-night you have had your last drench."

"Ah, but I shall thaw out again, and then you'll see. Instead of the comfortably tepid, genial ghost I have been in the past, sir, I shall be ice-water," cried the lady, threateningly.

"No, you won't, either," returned Oglethorpe; "for when you are frozen stiff, I shall send you to a cold storage warehouse, and there shall you remain an icy work of art forever more."

"But warehouses burn."

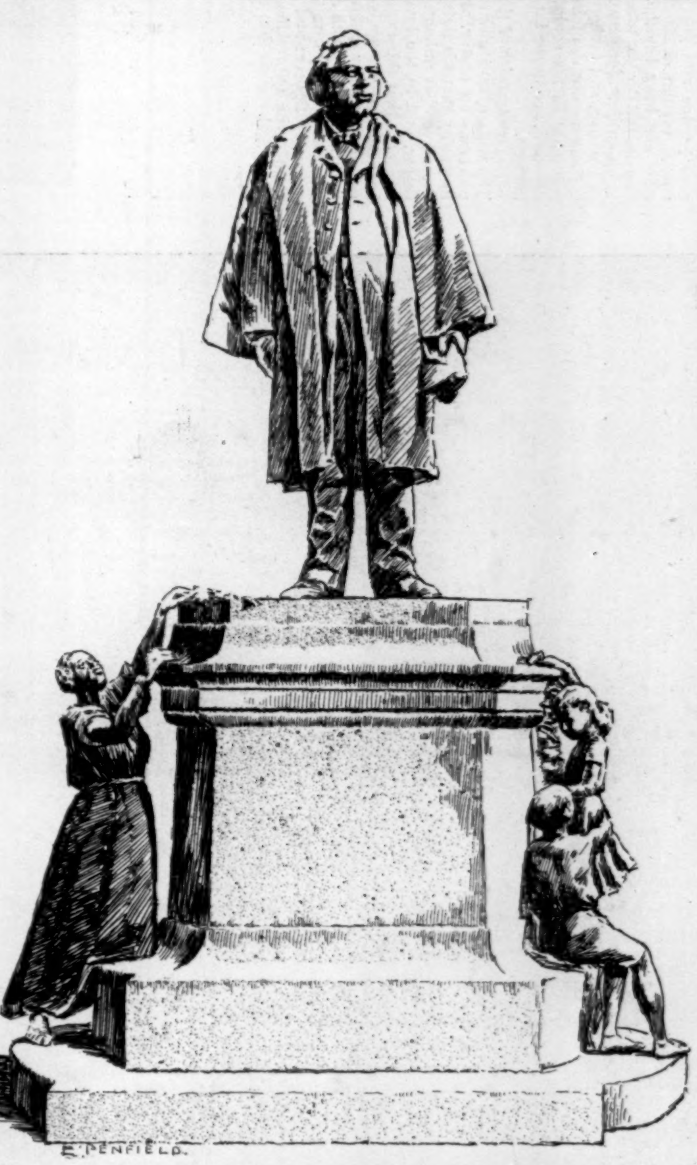
"So they do, but this warehouse cannot burn. It is made of asbestos, and surrounding it are fire-proof walls, and within those walls the temperature is now and shall forever be 416° below zero—low enough to make an icicle of any flame in this world—or the next," the master added, with an ill-suppressed chuckle.

"For the last time let me beseech you. I would go on my knees to you, Oglethorpe, were they not already *frappéd;* I beg of you do not doo—"

Here even the words froze on the water ghost's lips, and the clock struck one. There was a momentary tremor throughout the ice-bound form, and the moon, coming out from behind a cloud, shone down on the rigid figure of a beautiful woman sculptured in clear, transparent ice; there stood the ghost of Harrowby Hall, conquered by the cold, a prisoner for all time.

The heir of Harrowby had won at last, and to-day in a large storage house in London stands the frigid form of one who will never again flood the house of Oglethorpe with woe and sea-water.

As for the heir of Harrowby, his success in coping with a ghost has made him famous, a fame that still lingers about him, although his victory took place some twenty years ago; and so far from being unpopular with the fair sex, as he was when we first knew him, he has not only been married twice, but is to lead a third bride to the altar before the year is out.



THE BEECHER STATUE IN BROOKLYN.

Henry Ward Beecher was so easily the first citizen of Brooklyn during the generation for which he lived there that the third city of the Union was best known throughout the country as his home. That a man so pre-eminent in his lifetime should be commemorated by a conspicuous monument after his death was a simple recognition of the fitness of things. The lack of such a monument would have been a discredit not so much to his memory as to the public spirit of his fellow-citizens. He himself might have contemplated this neglect with the equanimity shown on a like occasion by the old Roman, who declared that he would much rather have people asking, "Why is Cato's statue not here?" than "Why is Cato's statue here?" This latter query is often inspired by our public statues, but there is no danger of its being put about the statue of Henry Ward Beecher for some generations yet to come. He has been dead but four years, and already a public memorial of him in Brooklyn has come to be conspicuous by its absence. That the memorial of him was worth waiting for will not be disputed by any of those who have had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Ward's work during its progress, or by the public to which it is now displayed.

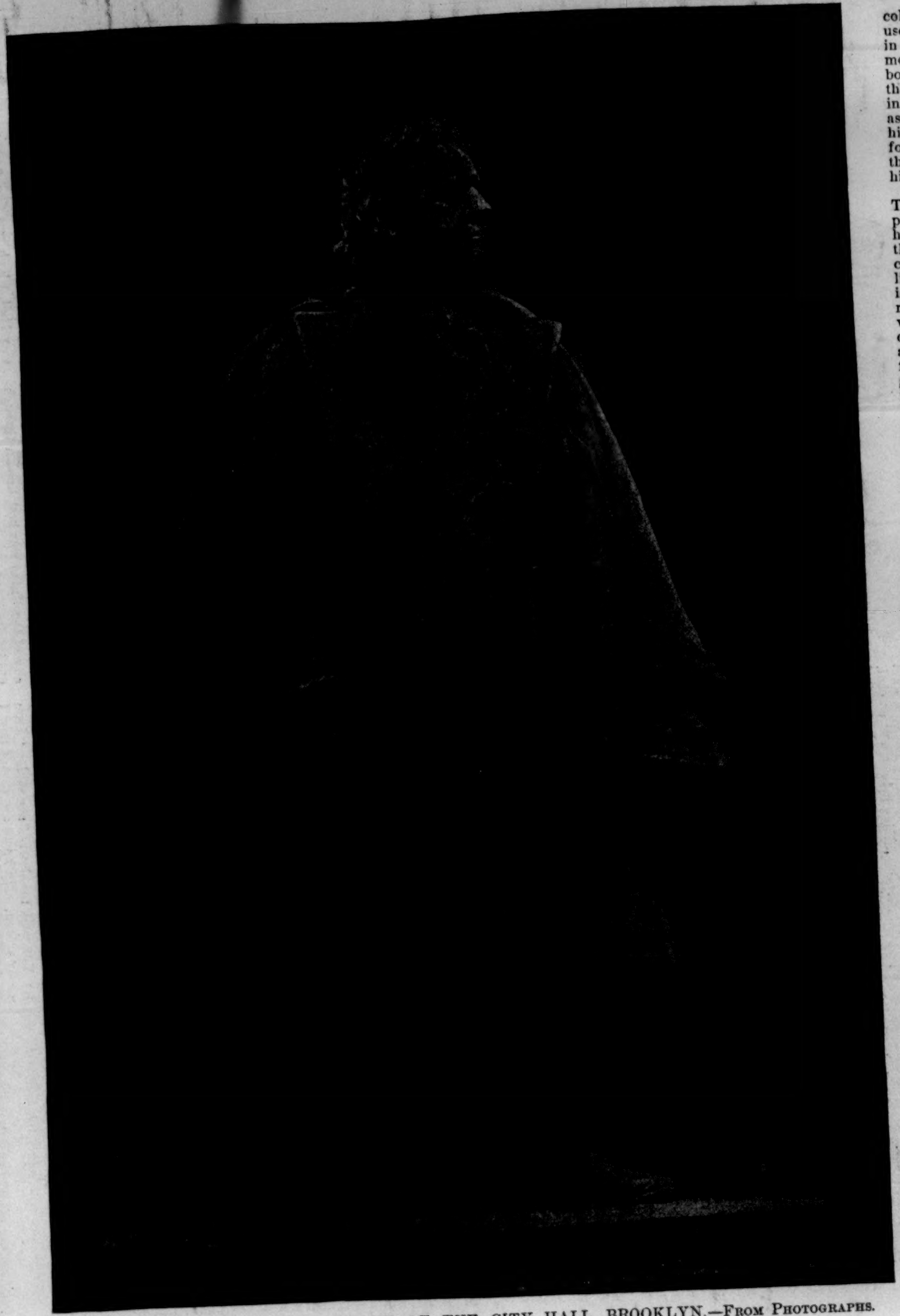
There has been some discussion in the press of the two cities about the placing of the statue, but this will now probably be admitted to have been most fortunate. It was at first intended that the monument should adorn Prospect Park, but it was a wise feeling that led to the abandonment of this purpose, for it is not to an outlying pleasure-ground, but to a space "in among the throngs of men" that the effigy of Henry Ward Beecher belongs. The most central and accessible place of Brooklyn is the triangle in front of the City Hall, which was finally chosen for the purpose; but if the statue had been turned away from the City Hall, as it had been suggested that it should be, it would have been visible, in a front view, only from a distance at which the detail would have been lost, and even then from a walk which is little frequented. By facing it toward the City Hall it is brought into immediate view from the broad paved plaza which is virtually a prolongation of Montague Street. The spot where it stands is really the centre of Brooklyn, so far as so centrifugal and expansive a town can be said to have a centre, and is in the immediate neighborhood of an architectural group which is among the finest in either city, comprising as it does the Academy of Music, the Art Building, the Brooklyn Library, and the Church of the Holy Trinity.

As the memorial is not in any special or exclusive sense a tribute of Plymouth Church to its pastor, the sculptor was dispensed from undertaking to represent Mr. Beecher in the pastoral capacity which it was always his pride and pleasure to transcend. The statue is a monument to the first citizen of Brooklyn, and manifestly represents, both in the central figure and in its accessories, the broad humanity of the man. From the mere contour and attitude of a living man we derive some impression of his character, and a statue, to be successful, should give in a general view this same general impression. Nobody can look at Mr. Ward's representation of

Beecher without receiving, first of all, the impression that the living man made upon all who met him or who heard him—the impression of exuberant vitality and of conscious power. The burly figure is firmly planted, as of one who has taken his stand and cannot be moved; and the detail, from the resolute and alert poise of the head to the hat gripped in the pressure of a powerful hand, is all adapted to carry out the idea of courage and of independence. It is unmistakably the statue of an orator, but it is not the statue of the pulpit orator, who is assured beforehand of the sympathies of his congregation, but rather of the orator who faces a hostile throng whose hostility he feels secure of his power to quell.

So Beecher may have stood and looked when he rose to speak for the Union to British audiences in 1863. So he stood and looked, twelve years later, over the company assembled at the first New England dinner after his great ordeal, when he felt that many, and perhaps most, of his hearers blamed him for being there, and blamed the manager of the banquet for having invited him to be there. It was occasions like these that roused the manhood of the man, and put the orator on his mettle. Every detail of costume is not merely authentic, as those who remember Beecher will recognize, but it is also characteristic of the independence and unconventionality and humanity of the man. His special vocation is indicated only by the single-breasted coat of a clerical cut, while the slouch hat and the sleeveless cloak testify that for this man the fashions of the tailors had as few terrors as the formulas of the theologians. The cloak has also a distinctly sculptural advantage in escaping from the formality and the inexpressiveness of modern dress, and in providing broad masses of drapery, which at once accentuate and palliate the bulkiness of the figure they enclose. In a successful portrait statue so limited are the sculptor's means of expression, every detail must distinctly conduce to the general impression, and nothing is beneath the careful attention of the artist. In this statue all the details distinctly help the impression of character we have tried to intimate, so that this may be apprehended before the features are even seen. But the face, little as it counts for in the total impression of a statue of almost colossal size, is here, in a sense other than that in which we commonly use the phrase, a "speaking" likeness. The leonine head thrown back in a leonine and yet joyous defiance, the dilated nostrils, the mobile mouth, all tell of the "joy of power" and the joy of battle which nobody can have heard or seen Henry Ward Beecher without knowing that he felt to the utmost. Doubtless the sculptor has been fortunate in his subject, for very few men in a generation have so much "nature" as Beecher, and perhaps not one other in the hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens of Brooklyn; but doubtless, also, the subject has been fortunate in his sculptor, for those who, not having seen Beecher in the flesh, are to see him hereafter in Mr. Ward's bronze, will see him at his best.

The accessories of the figure are equally adapted to carry out its idea. The wide sympathies of Beecher were among the main sources of his power as an orator, and were an integral part of the vitality and the humanity that his living presence expressed. It was in the feeling for the slave that animated so much of what may be called his political career, and in the love of little children that abode with him all his life long, that these sympathies were most conspicuously shown, and it is these that the sculptor has chosen for illustration in the slave girl reaching up her palm leaves, and the children with their tributary wreath. The French sculptors of our time have shown how much the expression of a portrait statue may be heightened by the introduction of accessory figures; and the figures of this pedestal elucidate and carry farther the expression of the central figure in addition to the plastic grace and charm that inhere in them. The pedestal of Quincy granite, in the design of which the sculptor has had the assistance of Mr. R. M. Hunt, the architect, shows an innovation in that the whole surface is polished to a darkness almost black, affording a more effective background and a more effective contrast to bronze than the material usually employed. The scale of the monument may be estimated by the fact that the statue is nine feet in height, and the pedestal ten, while the figure of the slave girl is six feet and two inches.



J. Q. A. WARD, Sculptor.

THE BEECHER STATUE IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, BROOKLYN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

HARVARD CREW.—From a Photograph.

COLLEGE BOAT-RACING IN AMERICA.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

The earliest recorded college boating in this country goes back to 1833, when Yale was spreading consternation among the erstwhile local heroes of the fairs and Fourth of July festivities in the rural districts of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York. College archives fail to deal very specifically with these first aquatic conquests, but time and the collegians' fanciful conception have jointly cast a glamour of romance about these primitive athletic days which has more than supplied the deficiency. Even the townsfolk have fallen victims (and not unwilling ones) to the blandishments of the picturesque and prolific undergraduate memory, and the visitor to New Haven to-day may, without great search, find many an "oldest inhabitant" who will wax garrulous on the prowess of Yale oarsmen in those ancient days. For ten years there was no boat-racing at Yale other than the annual descents on the country bumpkins' especial field of activity. Boating, in fact, was neither a recognized nor organized college sport, training was an unexplored mystery, and desultory work was the order of the day. Harvard, in the mean time, with all the glorious facilities presented by the Charles River, was beginning likewise to take on a boating spirit.

Intercollegiate history does not enlighten us on the first days of rowing at Cambridge, but a certain dear old boy, for whose memory I have too much respect to permit a single doubt to darken even one of his deliciously impossible yarns, has poured into my ear by the hour wondrous tales of their prowess. Who shall say that even in those early days there was no rivalry between these, our two greatest seats of learning? If Yale humbled the pride of the country lads in carrying away the prizes at their Fourth of July regatta, Harvard, so my ancient mariner informs me, was no less victorious in stealing away the hearts of the lasses who lined the bank of the Charles whenever the college boys went out for a pull.

The organization of the sport was, of course, a natural sequence, and in 1843 seven members of the Yale class of '44 formed, under the name of the Yale Boat Club, the first rowing club in America. They had a four-oared Whitehall boat, 19 feet long, about 4 wide, and used 12-feet oars. In that same year three other boats were purchased by the students, one of them being a lap-streak gig for 8 oars. This, for the time being, was the pride of the university, to say nothing of New Haven. It was long, narrow, and so fast that the remarkable tales of the earlier boats were in great danger of being effaced altogether from collegiate recollection.

In the following year the Harvard class of '46 had the distinction of forming the first boat club in that university. They purchased an eight-oared boat, called *Oneida*, that had been built for a race between Boston mechanics, and many a contest it won for them. It was a heavy lap-streak, 37 feet long, 3½ feet in its widest part, and tapered gradually to bow and stern. It sat low in the water, had no shear, was floored half-way up to the gunwale with wooden strips, and had hardwood-gratings at either end that were the crew's absolute delight. On every state occasion these gratings were rubbed, oiled, and polished until they shone again. Plain flat wooden tholepins fitted into the gunwale; she had six whiteash oars. The *Oneida* stands out prominently and gallantly in the first days of college boating. She was a good boat, and won the first race with Yale in '52; she was never beaten, in fact, until '56, when race-boats were introduced; and in '57 she was sold in order to purchase a craft better adapted to excursions and less to racing. The only boat in those days that approached *Oneida* was *Shawmut* at New Haven, which in its turn became famous. It had room for six passengers, the captain's elevated seat being at the extreme end, from where he could look over the heads of the crew. In those days college boats were constructed more for pleasuring than racing, and accommodation was invariably made for guests.

But those were good old days, sure enough—at least so my ancient mariner tells me. The drudgery of training was unknown. No such discipline as we are accustomed to nowadays would have been permitted. Rowing was a recreation first, last, and always. The crews were chosen on account of their popularity as well as strength and general fitness, and when they rowed half the university turned out to watch and cheer. Rowing days were veritable carnivals of aquatic sport, and not an available boat in college or town rode at anchor on such an occasion. About the only system observed was that the best oarsmen—the ones likely to fill the 'varsity—had absolute control of the boats in the evening, while the beginners were permitted to take their work in the morning. Beginning with the establishment of rowing clubs in '43 at Yale, followed by Harvard in '44, the sport took on a boom that carried it along with a splurge for a few years, but rather left it to shift for itself in about '49. The college faculties all this time had by no means encouraged boating, though they had tolerated it; but in '51 the students at Cambridge had a town row, and forthwith an order went out from the Harvard faculty prohibiting the construction of any new boats; consequently, in '51, '52, and '53, Harvard depended for success upon but one boat, the trustworthy *Oneida*, and right well did she serve them.

In '52 Yale and Harvard contested their first race, August 3d, at Centre Harbor, Lake Winnipiseogee, in eight-oared barges, over a two-mile course. The prize was a pair of black walnut oars, and Harvard won in the *Oneida* by four lengths, a curious feature being that the stroke oar in both boats rowed upon the starboard side. Boating at this time, and in the one or two years immediately following, was not in a particularly flourishing condition at Harvard. Yale's defeat naturally gave her a bit of a set down, and consequently there was no race again until '55, when Yale again challenged. This time it was rowed at Springfield, a mile and a half and return, and was again won by Harvard in an eight-oared barge, Yale rowing a six-oared barge. Yale had a superior boat in this year, with wooden outriggers, but pulled a short, jerky stroke, 60 to the minute, and were soon out of it. After this year the boating spirit at Harvard took on a great boom.

The first 'varsity boat was constructed—a 51-foot lap-streak, with no rudder—new models were made, and for the first time outriggers and spruce oars were seen at Cambridge. There was no race in '57 with Yale, but that year marked a turning-point in intercollegiate racing. Harvard built a six-oared shell—the first one in America—40 feet long (made short in order to turn a stake easily), 26 inches wide amidships, and weighing 150 pounds. The shell was made of white pine, and fitted with iron outriggers similar to those in use now, with the exception that the oars were not fastened in. Add to this outfit spoon oars, and it is hardly necessary to say that the Harvard crew of '58 were so elated that visions of aquatic victory chased everything else out of their heads. It was a great stride in rowing in those days.

In May, '58, the *Harvard Magazine* proposed the establishment of an annual intercollegiate regatta. Forthwith circulars were sent to Brown, Yale, and Trinity. At a meeting called at New Haven, May 26th, arrangements were made for a three-mile race that year at Springfield, July 23d. Considerable preparation was made by both Yale and Harvard for this event, it seeming to be filled with more importance than those which had gone before it. The drowning of the Yale stroke a few days previous to the day set for the race put an end to the regatta for that year, however. The impetus that had been given rowing, by its further recognition in the establishment of an intercollegiate regatta, went merrily along, and in '59 the crews settled to their work more earnestly. For

YALE CREW.—From a Photograph.

the first time they began to train, restricting themselves to meat, dry bread, oatmeal, and fruit occasionally. They ran four miles before breakfast, finishing up in good speed; pulled weights in the gymnasium; rowed the full course every evening; and paid more attention to the stroke. Brown succeeded also in mustering a crew. The race was rowed on Lake Quinsigamond, mile and a half and return, in six-oared shells, and won by Harvard. The following year, '60, was a repetition in entries and results of '59, Harvard rowing in a new shell, longer and narrower than any she had used. This year also saw the first of Freshman and Sophomore races between Harvard and Yale.

From this year ('60) until '64 there were no races between Yale and Harvard; both crews, however, did some training every year, and were continually seeking improvements on their methods. During this period of intercollegiate lethargy some good at least was accomplished in the accurate surveying of the course at Springfield and on Lake Quinsigamond, with the result of showing that the time made previously was not at all to be relied upon, the starting and finishing flags having been moved from time to time without any especial regard for accuracy. In '64 came Yale's first victory, and wonderful traditions concerning Mr. Wilbur Bacon and that redoubtable crew yet hover about the halls at New Haven. Looking back from our present athletic vantage-ground upon the work done by this crew, we wonder the men accomplished what they did; probably no crew in the history of American boating ever went through severer training. It may interest oarsmen of to-day to read a leaf from the daily work of those men: "They arose at six, walked and ran before breakfast, on an absolutely empty stomach, between three and five miles, running in heavy flannels more than half the distance, and part of that at full speed. After breakfast and recitation they rowed about four miles at speed, and again in the afternoon the same distance.... much of their rowing being 'on time.' Beef, mutton, occasionally chicken, toasted bread, boiled rice, and weak tea was the bill of fare. No wine or beer, and but few vegetables."

One of the curiosities of this age of athletic ignorance was the report in a daily paper of the race, in which the Harvard men, who had been training without shirts, and appeared consequently with browned backs, were declared to have anointed themselves with some kind of coloring preparation warranted to strike terror to the hearts of their rivals. The costumes of the crew in this the greatest race up to that time were: for Yale, "blue handkerchiefs, flesh-colored shirts, and white trousers;" for Harvard, "red handkerchiefs, white shirts, and blue trousers." Mr. Bacon's effective work continued through '65, and again Yale won in 17 minutes 41½ seconds, the fastest time ever made in this country for a three-mile race with a turn. Yale's work in both these years was the direct result of indefatigable effort ably directed. The form was not good, the men rowing a quick, jerky stroke, but their time was excellent, and they had the great advantage of long practice together. In '66 Yale began a series of experiments that lasted, with more or less disaster, for about ten years. Not content with the good material (of its kind), Mr. Bacon had succeeded, after his several years of hard work, in developing, some new men got hold of the reins, and a stroke rowed principally with the arms was introduced.

How curiously throughout the history of college rowing we find every now and again the substance being forsaken for the shadow! First Yale, then Harvard, then Yale again; and Harvard even to this day is only just beginning, after a long succession of defeats, to see through the glass darkly. Well, the Yale crew of '66 was defeated, and so also were those of '67, '68, and '69. In these years, by-the-way, the oars used by both crews were shorter than they are now, while those of '65 were longer. The defeats administered to Harvard by Yale in '64 and '65 carried with them severe but masterly lessons that were learned silently and thoroughly. Harvard took warning of the "fine" trained crew from New Haven, and kept her men in sufficient flesh to permit of working off a few pounds on the day of the great struggle. In these three years Harvard made considerable progress, and began to look about for new fields of conquest. As early as '67 a desire to visit Europe and try conclusions with the English universities became manifest, and the International Regatta thrown open to the world in connection with the Paris Exposition afforded the desired opportunity. A great effort was made, but as she could muster only seven men worthy of a seat in the shell, Harvard was compelled to be content that year with a victory over Yale only.

Again, in '68, the trip to England was agitated, and a challenge sent Oxford. This was accepted, and all Harvard was beside itself with elation. From that day on the barometer of Harvard's athletic esteem climbed steadily upward. The crew was well received abroad, and made an extremely favorable impression. Space does not permit of going more into detail; Harvard was defeated by six seconds in a four-mile race with Oxford, though it is not improbable that had Harvard pursued the same policy as the English crew, and taken Oxford's water, giving the back-wash she was afterward compelled to take, the time would certainly have been less. Harvard's coxswain was too sportsman-like for the Englishmen.

As though to add insult to injury, Yale in the following year, '70, defeated her, but having fouled on the turn, the race was awarded to Harvard. Yale introduced sliding seats in this year, and they were immediately taken up by all the rowing colleges. The sliding seats of those days, however, were primitive affairs. They consisted of a pine board about 4 by 12, with grooved boxwood runners sliding on steel bars; nothing to regulate the slide, or keep it from jumping off the runners. Harvard was the first crew in this year to sit "hard up," instead of in the centre of the shell. No race was arranged between Harvard and Yale in '71, though the latter sent a challenge, and an Association of American Colleges was formed, to which belonged Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Harvard, and Agricultural College of Massachusetts. The race of that year was won by the last named, with Harvard second. In '72 Yale followed the rest, and joined the Association; and in that year produced the worst crew in her history. The race was at Springfield—three miles straightaway, with six colleges entered. Amherst won, Yale finishing last. And yet in that boat sat R. J. Cook, who was receiving his first lessons in a bitter school, and was afterward to do so much for Yale boating.

The consultation of Yale workers that followed this gloomy event, concluded that they were working on the wrong basis; they had tried short jerky strokes and long slow ones; professional coaching had been followed since '64, and the foundation of a strong winning stroke seemed as far off as ever. It was resolved, therefore, to carry the war into Africa; so in the spring of '73 Mr. Cook made his trip to England. He spent many months on the Thames, closely watching the Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen, and when he returned he brought with him the fundamental principles of rowing, upon which and through which he has developed such excellent results. He brought to America "the long sweep and slow recover of the Englishmen, and he left behind the short slide," in which he had been instructed. It was by no means the English stroke as seen in England that he produced, but a stroke founded upon the rudiments of that which for years had given us the most finished oarsmen. That year, at Springfield in a three-mile straightaway, saw the first practical test of the new stroke, and Yale turned out the best crew she had in years. The newspapers had poked a great deal of fun at the Cook or English stroke, but the crew rowed in excellent form, nevertheless, and won in a field that included Harvard, which finished third to Wesleyan's second, Amherst, Massachusetts Agricultural College, Williams, Dartmouth, Trinity, Columbia, Bowdoin, and Cornell. In '74, at Saratoga, single-oar races were first introduced between Yale, Harvard, and Cornell. In the 'varsity race of three miles straightaway, there were nine crews entered, including Trinity and Princeton. Yale and Harvard became entangled in a foul, and Columbia, which had a good crew, won. Thirteen crews contested at Saratoga in '75. Cornell won that year, with Yale sixth, notwithstanding her crew being captained and stroked by Mr. Cook.

In the winter of this year Yale withdrew from the rowing association of colleges, and challenged Harvard to an eight-oared four-mile race, which was promptly accepted, and thus began the Yale-Harvard annual contests as we find them to-day. Though Harvard had accepted Yale's challenge, yet she remained in the general association, and in '76 sent a six-oared crew to Saratoga, which was defeated by Cornell, and the eight-oared 'varsity, stroked by Bancroft, suffered similarly in the race with Yale, stroked by Cook. In September of the same year Yale sent a four-oared crew to the Centennial, which defeated both the English crew from Cambridge and Columbia. After the Saratoga regatta of this year, Harvard withdrew from the association, and in '77 made arrangements with Yale for a race at Springfield. It was very freely predicted, by those who knew nothing of the subject, that interest would continue in the Saratoga regatta, and the Yale-Harvard race prove stupid and unattended; but the result was the opposite, Saratoga died, and Springfield, or New London, as it became next year, boomed. In '77, '78, and '79 Harvard, stroked by Bancroft, defeated Yale with increasing ease, the race of '77 by seven seconds, and that of '79 by one minute and forty-three seconds. Mr. Cook having left college, some disastrous experiments were made in the stroke during the last two years. Two years later, in June, '81, Columbia sent a four-oared crew abroad to participate in the Henley regatta, which, after many trials and tribulations, finally secured the Henley cup, the only English aquatic trophy, I believe, that has ever been brought to this country.

In '81 Cornell sent a four-oared crew, which had won the intercollegiate race at the Lake George regatta in '80, to England for the Henley event. Of the misfortunes that befell this unlucky crew a column could be written did space permit. After endless discussion and a great display of snobbery by the English oarsmen, their entry was finally accepted. They pulled many a discouraging race in England, but the luckless crew were never victorious. They went over to the Continent, and rowed on the Danube against a Vienna crew, and here they also lost, one of the men being accused by the others of selling the race.

In '80 Yale continued following the will-o'-wisp in permitting a professional directorship of its rowing. By some very sophistical theories, Davis, the professional, had intrenched himself in the consideration of some of the powers, and there he remained. Yale won in '80 and '81 from Harvard under this régime, and the unfortunate result was to strengthen the hold of a man and system that should have been sent on their way rejoicing. They failed to look more closely into the cause. Had they done so, it would have been discovered that in those years Harvard had been particularly unfortunate, and a warning should have been accepted in the fact that notwithstanding this, Yale won by but a few seconds in '81. However, Davis ruled, and Yale in '82 began a series of experiments in rigging and stroke that were absurd. The result was a "donkey-engine stroke," that gave all loyal friends of Yale the horrors, and froze Bob Cook's blood in his veins. The training the men underwent was enough to have killed them; they were overtrained, and completely demoralized. Of course Harvard won. In '84 Mr. Cook came to the rescue, and out of chaos brought forth the best crew Yale had turned out up to that time. It lowered the record to 20.31, and raised a great hope in the breasts of all Yale men.

Meanwhile Harvard was taking a turn at making fatal experiments. In the winter of '84 Bancroft, Harvard's ablest adviser, ceased coaching the crew. Instead of getting some graduate who had been taught in the Bancroft school to aid him in coaching, the captain secretly employed a professional sculler, totally without experience in long-distance eight-oared rowing to counsel and advise. Yale during this time was likewise experiencing internal dissensions. The captain of the crew and Cook were not able to agree, the crew was disorganized, and the men badly trained. The result was an easy victory for Harvard, and the most costly one she had ever gained. Good sense at Yale predominated, and Mr. Cook was persuaded to take the crew in hand again. At Harvard unsystematized work continued. The history of college boating from that day to this is easily told. Yale has continued under one able guidance, gone on improving her stroke, and turning out the most finished crews. Harvard has had dissension following dissension, one coach this year, another with his own pet theories the next. While Yale has been turning out fast and remarkably finished crews, that have won since '86, Harvard has slowly been struggling back to sound rowing principles. Last year especially there were hopeful signs that augur well for the near future. I could say much on the coaching methods and underlying basis of the two crews, but there is no space for comments or criticism in this article, which deals only with the history of facts, as briefly as possible. Since the dissolution of the old association, Columbia, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania have maintained crews, and in the past two years had an annual race, but their form is greatly inferior to either Yale or Harvard. Yale's greatest crew was that of '88, which gave the finest exhibition of rowing ever seen in America. It lowered the record to 20.10, and was undoubtedly the fastest crew that ever sat in a boat. It is too bad the men were not sent abroad. Last year the Yale accepted a challenge from the Atalanta crew, probably the fastest non-collegiate eight in the country, and on May 23d, after the stroke, when a mile and a quarter out, had broken his oar and jumped overboard, won the four-mile race with utmost ease, seven men sending an eight-oared shell over the water at a rate of which an eight would be proud. Such, then, is the bare history of college boat-racing in this country. The most interesting bits of reminiscence I have been compelled to leave for another time, the object in this article being to put a more or less complete résumé in print.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE TYPO LAST WEEK made these columns announce *Sayonara* as the most "modern" of the Burgess boats. It is hardly necessary to say that "moderate" was intended.

THE ANNUAL SPRING RACES of the Atlantic, New York, and Seawanhaka Yacht clubs have finished up the first week of the season most successfully. Of course all racing interest was centred in the new boats, though the entries were disappointingly few; *Uvira* did not come on from Newport, and *Sayonara*, having put back to Boston (owing to defective construction and improper material in her channels), only arrived on Friday, and was therefore missing, though entered; this reduced the class here in New York to four starters. *Sayonara* will probably sail in the Corinthian, June 22d, and Atlantic special on the 23d, as we are on the press, and may possibly give *Gloriana* one or two interesting races. If she also is as signally defeated as have been *Jessica*, *Mineola*, and *Nautilus*, there will remain little doubt of the position to which *Gloriana* is entitled in the class.

TWO WEEKS AGO THIS COLUMN declared that *Gloriana* would be an astonishing success or a dismal failure. Her performances the past week have certainly been remarkable. In all kinds of weather she has sailed away from her rivals in the new class with increasing ease. She has shown the finest work in close sailing, and in the heavy weather on Thursday stood up beautifully with the driest deck in the fleet. The attempt last week to "place" the boats is on the whole justified by the racing so far; *Nautilus* has been disappointing, though in the Seawanhaka race on Saturday she made a very pretty race with *Gloriana*. She seems to go better as she gets tuned up. *Gloriana* has beaten *Mineola* both in the Atlantic race, which may be disposed of in a word as "light weather, with a soldier's wind all the way round the course," and in the New York race, which was in many respects a fair test. In heavy weather and turning to windward, *Gloriana* not only squandered her field, but actually out-classed them. *Mineola*, as predicted, won from *Jessica* on reaching, on the Atlantic day; reaching being the point of sailing which depends least on model and most on motive power; and, when it came on to blow on Thursday, being, as I said she would be, "sailed harder" than *Jessica*, she promptly carried away something as soon as she met the jump of sea outside the Hook. On Saturday the wind was very light, *Jessica* was not in it, the race being between *Gloriana* and *Nautilus*. It appears that *Nautilus* is canvased pretty well up to the limit, only receiving over the New York course 59 seconds from *Gloriana*, and it would seem as though she was to be another example of the impossibility of riding two horses at once, and as though she were none the better for her resemblance in certain directions to Fife Jun.'s designs.

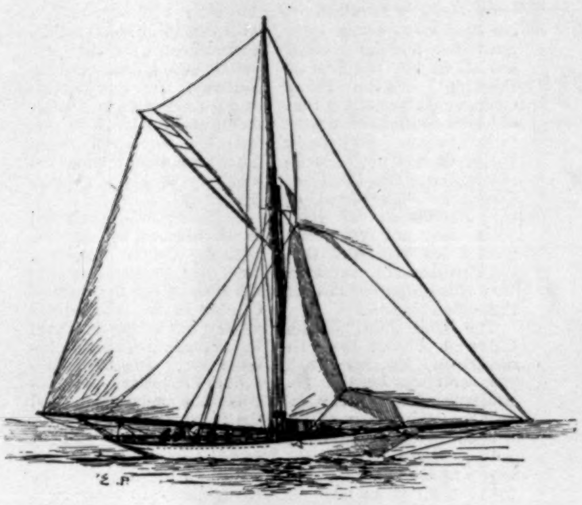
MINEOLA'S MISHAP ON THURSDAY, though the fact was not mentioned in any of the reports of the race, may have been to a great extent due to a collision which occurred with *Gloriana* early in the race. It seems that when *Gloriana* luffed out of *Mineola's* weather, *Mineola* luffed to prevent her passing. This manœuvre changing the relative, though not the actual, positions of the boats, resulted in the immediate establishment of a technical overlap. Thereupon, under the rule, *Gloriana* hailed *Mineola*, claiming her rights. *Mineola* being promptly kept away, *Gloriana* followed suit, and, bearing down on her, raked her rigging with her main boom, catching first the runner and next the shrouds. The blow being a severe one, while it did not break either the runner or the shrouds, apparently caused the taut rigging of the *Mineola* to stretch, and sprung or weakened her mast so, that from that point on it gave evidence of weakness. Finally, as the boats came out from behind the Hook, an omnious "crack" was heard, and the mast appeared to give away in three places simultaneously. Through extreme promptness in getting the main-sail off her, she was saved the danger incident to an actual breaking of the mast, but her racing career for ten days to come will be a blank.

THIS ACCIDENT APPEARS TO HAVE been the direct result of that noxious qualification of the sailing rules which provides that a yacht must begin to luff *before* an overlap has been established, so far as her right to luff for the purpose of preventing another yacht to pass her to windward is concerned. This qualification was originally introduced by the Seawanhaka, and was afterward adopted by the New York, Atlantic, Massachusetts, and, I believe, Eastern yacht clubs. That the proviso is harmful rather than beneficial was indicated by this unfortunate occurrence, which kept *Mineola* out of Saturday's race, and likely enough prevent her from participating in some half-dozen coming events. It has never appeared in the Yacht Racing Association rules in Great Britain or in the rules of the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, and it would be well if it were stricken from the rules of those clubs in which it now exists.

IT IS TO BE NOTED that *Gloriana* on the New York day succeeded in carrying her sail, and carrying it successfully and well. Admirable and most intelligent construction alone can have produced this result. There are a number of devices employed in the boat to strengthen while lightening construction. Indeed it is evident that great intelligence has been put into the boat at every point, and the contrast to the crumpled channels of *Mineola* and *Sayonara*, and the former's breakdown on Thursday, does not redound to the credit of the leading Eastern builder. It is one thing to design a hull over which may be spread theoretically a great area of canvas, and a very different thing to construct and gear and stay the mast so as to stand the strain of the canvas intended to be spread. Unless construction meets in every particular the demands made upon it, the boat must labor under the enormous disadvantage of being always compelled to sail with less canvas than she was designed to carry.

There are certain physical limitations upon the strength of iron and wood, and certain limitations on the amount of weight which can be successfully carried aloft on boats of various sizes, and these facts tend to place a limit on available sail area.

As Lapthorn said many years ago in England, "I can cut their sails all right, but they have got to get space and gear that will stand them." It is one thing to put power and sail



THE "GLORIANA."—From a Photograph by Child & Company, Newport.

area into a boat of 90-feet l.w.l., and a very different question when one deals with a 46-feet water line.

It has been often said that the same men who, as a sailing committee, devise a rule of measurement, immediately turn around and as individuals do their best to get around it. In my opinion, the water-line length rule as the sole length element to be taken into account in measurement has received a fatal blow in *Gloriana's* success. Herreshoff has "beaten the rule" in her tremendous overhang forward and aft and the reversed curves of her cut-water. *Gloriana* afloat in a harbor and awaiting measurement is awarded a water-line length of 45 feet only (she is some 10 inches shorter than the others), but as soon as she heels to the breeze, and the wind exerts a downward pressure or weight upon her sails, causing her hull to sink (even a few inches), she gains enormously upon them in actual water-line length. This being so, we shall have next year plenty of imitators of Herreshoff's genius. In other words, some element besides mere water-line length must be introduced into the measurement, for Herreshoff, in order to beat the rule, has produced in *Gloriana* a boat of an abnormal type, *i. e.*, a boat unduly developed in one respect.

How his ingenuity should be headed off may not at first sight be apparent. To return to the "forepart of the stem to the afterpart of the stern-post on deck" rule, either with or without the somewhat arbitrary "deducting the breadth," would result in the now old-fashioned English cutter bow; and yet length, as being the great speed factor, must be in some way sufficiently taxed, must enter as an important element into the method of calculating the boat's measurement. It may be that to tax a boat, say, on thirty per cent. of her overhang in the bow, and twenty per cent. of her overhang at the stern (as being less important) would meet the difficulty.

The weather played such queer pranks last week that the lawn-tennis programme was seriously interfered with. No player, however good his condition, could have lasted through a hard-fought match of five sets under the baking suns of Tuesday and Wednesday, and I thought that the officials of the New Haven Lawn Club, under the auspices of which the tournament for the championship of New England was held, showed great good sense in not compelling the contestants to commence play under such adverse conditions. The clay court is used exclusively at New Haven, and after the surface has received such a thorough baking as it did on Tuesday last, it is easy to imagine the danger to which a player was subjected if compelled to exert himself to the utmost under such circumstances. During the latter part of the week, when the temperature became delightful for playing, the rain compelled renewed postponement of the Hudson River Association tournament at Hastings, and left the final match in doubles at New Haven to be played on Monday of this week, too late for comment in this column.

The loss of the New England Championship by Mr. R. P. Huntington, Jun., was foreshadowed by his defeat during the previous week at the hands of Mr. E. E. Hall, Jun., in the club tournament of the New Haven Lawn Club. This Mr. Hall, who must not be confused with Mr. E. L. Hall, of New York, is hardly to be ranked among second-class players, unless he has improved wonderfully since last summer, and his victory demonstrates that Mr. Huntington must still be suffering from the effects of the accident which prevented him from competing in the Intercollegiate tournament last fall. Lack of practice, however, was also a cause of his poor showing, for in the championship round last week there was a decided improvement in his play. This time he was defeated by Mr. C. T. Lee, of Philadelphia; not a first-class man, to be sure, but certainly much better than Mr. E. E. Hall, and one who had recently shown his mettle by defeating Mr. J. S. Clark in the Philadelphia District tournament. Lee's game is not one of the brilliant order. Extreme care and accuracy are its strong points, and in those respects he reminds one forcibly of another player of the same name, G. A. Lee, of Harvard University. Five sets had to be played before Lee captured the championship from Huntington last week, and indeed if the latter could have made but one point at a critical moment in the second set, he would have won the match in straight sets. Huntington would have been the owner of the Championship Cup if he had been successful this year, but it now goes to Philadelphia, and Mr. Lee must defend it in 1892. I have heard it stated that the present summer may possibly be the last in which Mr. Huntington will contest for tennis honors. If this be true, I know that there will be a general desire among the players to see him regain his form of last season, and make a strong bid for the national championship.

The New Haven tournament, outside of the championship round, calls for but little comment. Lee fairly earned his right to play in the championship round by winning from such good men as M. R. Wright and Ford Huntington. The match with Wright was close, but that in the final round with Ford Huntington was almost a walk-over for the Philadelphia player. When play ended for the week, the final round of doubles was left undecided. The Huntington brothers, and Lee, with F. G. Beach, of New Haven, as a partner, were to play it off on Monday of this week. Beach is especially strong in doubles, unless he becomes rattled, and with such a careful partner as Lee, ought to have won the match.

The championship tournament of the Southern Lawn-tennis Association was decided last week at Wilmington. The Washington players thought that their best man, J. C. Davidson, who has only recently shown himself better than McCauley, would give A. H. S. Post, of Baltimore, a hard tussle for the championship of the association. The excessive heat seemed to affect Davidson more than his adversary, however, and Post won with comparative ease. Although Davidson might have made a better showing under different conditions, he is by no means the equal in skill of young Mr. Post, who has successfully defended the championship since 1888, and fully earned the right to be considered the "crack" player of the South.

Mr. H. A. Taylor has recently returned from a trip abroad, which was taken for the benefit of his health. He returns much improved in health and strength, but informs me that he positively will not compete in any tournament this summer, not even defending his title to the Middle States championship this week. Mr. Taylor's retirement, together with that of Mr. H. W. Slocum, Jun., his partner in doubles, takes a prominent pair from the championship tournament at Staten Island next week. Hobart and Hall, the present champions, are barred from competition, and altogether the prospect for an interesting tournament is not overbright. I suppose that Huntington and Campbell will again play together, and as both have recently been defeated in singles, there will be some curiosity as to how they will acquit themselves in combination.

I looked over the Yale and Harvard crews Saturday, and am inclined to think that the race next Friday will not be such a walk-over for Yale as a week ago it appeared to be. Yale is not keeping up to her standard. As I watched them slowly paddle their shell along, I could pick out faults which have been perfect strangers to the Yale crews of the past few years. What I said last week about the way in which the oars are handled, I say to-day; but it is in regard to the body work that I make my criticism this week. Beyond a question the body work of the Yale '91 crew is poorer than that of any crew that has represented the blue for years. The first break is at 7, and *it is* a break. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there will be two stroke oars in the Yale shell on the day of the great race. The Cornell tendency of 7's rowing becomes painfully apparent after a mile or two. He does not seem to keep his acquired Yale form, but gets into the Cornell style of "letting it go."

Now this must have some effect on stroke, and it evidently does, for I notice that he has to make a great effort to keep the number of strokes down to what is called for by Coach Cook. "Row thirty-two to the minute, but grind them in," was what I heard him tell the crew, but after they had been at it for a few moments I counted them at thirty-four and thirty-five. Unless the two stern men get better together within the next few days, it will make a great difference in the result of the race.

The most glaring fault in the body work and general sit-up of Yale's crew, however, is in the appearance of Heffelfinger and the way in which he holds himself. Heffelfinger's back is a sight to behold. He does not seem to have the strength to hold himself up straight. He pulls with great power, but in doing it he places himself in a most uncomfortable position—not only uncomfortable, but also fatiguing. The consequence is that he is the first man in the crew to show signs of distress. This is rather strange when you consider his great muscles and general build. Bow and 2 are also not so well together as they might be. Bow is inclined to get a little behind, and then, as if to make up for it, he gets a little ahead. The men in Yale's boat are not sitting up to it as they should, but row with backs slightly bent, and give one the impression of being ready to slump down at any stroke. The hands on the shoot are carried very low, partially accounting, I think, for the stooping position in which the shoulders are allowed to adapt themselves. Unless my eyes have deceived me, the Yale crew, instead of showing marked improvement, has lost in form since last I saw it.

With Harvard it is different. The past week has done wonders for them. Not only are they rowing longer and cleaner, but they are going much faster. There is no comparison between the crew which left Cambridge two weeks ago and the crew which leaves the Harvard float at New London. It is the same crew, but under the able coaching of Keyes, the whole style and general appearance have changed. The four stern men are almost perfectly together, and Powers seems to be able to hit the stroke up at will. It is no longer a *question* whether they can row over thirty strokes to the minute; the crew knows now that it can, for Powers has demonstrated to them that so far as the number of strokes are concerned, he can drive them in as fast as they want to receive them.

Kelton's watermanship is not very good. I notice that he is inclined to carry his sweep too high on the recover, and the slightest roll of the boat seems to completely upset him for the time being. Vail follows Kelton beautifully, and this, I think, is his strongest recommendation. Cummings acts as though he was half asleep all the time, but he may wake up the day of the race. Lynam has improved greatly, and has at last, I think, gained an understanding of what the stroke is like. Rantoul is pulling in his same happy-go-lucky fashion, and shows little improvement over a week ago. Captain Perkins at 2 is rowing fairly well for a man with a lame arm, but I am inclined to think he could be of more use to the crew if he was out of the boat, and had allowed Jones to take his place. Perkins in good condition is an oar of more than average ability, but with an arm disabled he is by no means so good a man as Jones. Newell has improved somewhat, but he is not so effective as he might be if he would hold his slide at the catch instead of kicking it out from under him.

From a general impression gathered by watching the two crews, I am inclined to pick out Yale as the *probable* winner, and yet there is something about the way in which the Harvard crew sends its shell along which influences your better judgment, and causes you to hesitate before giving a decided opinion. Both crews are good. Both are rowing practically the same stroke. The Yale crew has the advantage in the clean way in which it handles its oars, in general watermanship, and in the steadiness with which it carries its boat along on its keel. Harvard has the advantage of being better together in its body work, and a squarer finish to the stroke. Can better body work win against strength and watermanship? This will be decided on Friday.

Polo week at Westchester was a dismal one in point of weather, but showed some of the best play of the season. On Monday, Morristown (13 goals) played Philadelphia (2 goals), and after some hard playing won in the last ten seconds of the third period by half a goal. The Morristown team played a fair game, Nicoll and Lord being its main support. Nicoll promises to be one of the strongest players in the association, if he gets some good practice work; he is an exceptionally strong hitter, sending the ball frequently half the length of the field The Philadelphians are good hitters, and are uniformly fair, but show the lack of outside practice. They have no team to play against, and consequently no chance of improving. Then, too, their ponies don't start quick enough nor ride in. In other words, their game is too slow and mild, and more adapted to croquet than polo.

The Rockaway first team was to have played Essex on Wednesday (all Tuesday games being postponed in order to give the players an opportunity of losing their money at the Suburban), but failed to show up, and the game went to Westchester by default. On that day the Rockaway second team met Essex, and won by 6½ to 5, and showed greatly improved play over the exhibition at Meadow Brook last week. Stevens really did the work of the day, though Francke played well. La Montague made some good strokes, but he doesn't ride in, possibly saving his pony for back play, for he is a pretty man for lively work. For Essex, Robinson played his usual steady game; the team would be lost without him. Dallett was fair at times, but was rattled, and not up to his usual form. Farr showed improvement over the preceding week, though he is valueless in a scrimmage; he doesn't seem to get in and do anything. When he gets the ball in the open, however, his fast ponies enable him to dally with it for a few brief ecstatic moments. Collier played his usual harum-scarum game; so much earnest effort more intelligently directed would make a valuable player.

The same day Meadow Brook and Westchester came together in the prettiest game of the week, score 15½ to 10½ in favor of the latter. Mr. Belmont was indisposed, and Carroll was substituted. This reduced their handicap 3 goals, but the team felt the loss of Mr. Belmont many times over that before the game was finished. Hitchcock played a great game; Winthrop showed improvement on his form of last week; Carroll did very well; but Bird was way off, and was never in it at any stage of the game. The playing of Westchester was remarkably good; the team had never done better. Home ground was evidently congenial to Bates, for he braced up and showed exceptional form. In fact, every man on the Country Club team played hard and skilfully. Meadow Brook earned 10 goals and Westchester 6. Thursday, Morristown played Rockaway second team, which had substituted R. J. Francke in place of Tower, and L. Turnure for R. La Montague, the handicap being the same. The game was too one-sided to be especially interesting. Morristown made but 3 goals, and lost through not having a good forward man. Kissell was ill with a severe headache, and, though on the field, did nothing; Francke did very well, making most of the goals; but Stevens again did the most effective playing on the Rockaway team, which made 7 goals. Turnure also did well. Strange to relate, there were no penalties of any kind throughout the three periods of play.

On Saturday, for the Turnure Cups, in the first trial, Nicoll and Lord earned 15½ goals, whitewashing Cooley and H. N. Potter, who were allowed 9 goals. In the finals Nicoll and Lord met H. C. Groome and H. P. McKean; they allowed the Philadelphians 7 goals, and were winners by a score of 13½ goals to 7½. This same team won these cups last year at Rockaway, and have proved themselves a strong pair, carrying, as they do, quite a heavy handicap. In the final event for the Herbert Trophies, Westchester, allowed one goal, met Rockaway second team, and earned 8½, while their opponents scored but 2½. Westchester played a fast strong game, Potter (E. C.) making a most effective back, seldom failing to hit the ball to his team at the right moment. Havemeyer, Beekman, and Bates were equally good in their place. Of the Rockaways, Stevens was the only one playing up to form, and he did most of the work for his team. The younger Francke, with some experience in match games, promises to be as good or better than his brother. La Montague was short of ponies, owing to one having been injured early in the game. The game was a good one, and wound up a very successful tournament. This week play is at Orange, and then we go to Cedarhurst, from July 1st to 11th, of the Polo Association Cups.

The joint canoe regatta of the Marine and Field Club and Manhattan Athletic Club was the greatest affair of its kind that has ever been sailed in these waters. Not before have been seen in one event so many of the country's crack sailors, a fact appreciated when it is known that among the starters were C. Bowyer Vaux, a veteran whom every one knows; Quick, of Yonkers, present holder of the International trophy; George P. Douglass, the all-round champion of the American Canoe Association; Paul Butler, of Lowell, Massachusetts, one of the ablest canoeists in the country; Lincoln B. Palmer, one of the best all-round cruisers in the association; and William Whitlock, one of the best sailors in local waters. The management of the affair was perfect, and the sport correspondingly good. The three-mile unclassified sailing race went to W. M. Brownell, in the *Kwo-ne-she*, 1 h. 4 m. 23 sec. Tandem paddling event, one mile, captured by Palmer and Douglass in the *Cricket*, 5 m. 35 sec. Senior sculling event, 4½ miles, Paul Butler won easily, with the *Wasp*, in 49 m. 57 sec. D. S. Goddard won Club Cup race, 4½ miles, with the *Bee*, in 41 m. 36 sec.; and Quick captured, with *Uno*, the M.A.C. challenge trophy, after a close race, in 33 m. 49 sec.

Caspar W. Whitney.